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L O R I A

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*WINTER

COMMENT

RADIANT CROWN

During the month of December we celebrate the feast days of such outstanding figures of the church as St. Francis Xavier, St. Ambrose, St. Thomas (apostle), St. Francis Cabrini, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and St. John (apostle and evangelist). What has truly given spiritual significance to this month, however, is the celebration of two of our greatest feast days—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception and The Feast of the Nativity of our Lord. We are once again in the midst of another December, but this year the month has taken on a greater and more spiritual meaning. The month also marks the beginning of the observance of a Marian Year, December 1953-December 1954, as proclaimed in an encyclical by Pope Pius XII September 8, 1953 to commemorate the centenary of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception.

Entitled "Fulgens Corona" (Radiant Crown), this latest papal encyclical states that the centenary celebrations should serve to stimulate an earnest devotion to the mother of God in the souls of all Catholics and encourages us, as far as possible, to confirm our lives in the image of the Virgin.

The essence of the encyclical on the Marian Year is this:

- 1.—Offering of prayers for return of all men to Christ through conformity to his precepts, the revival of peace, charity, and justice among men and nations, and the restoration of liberty of the Church in countries where Catholics are new-experiencing persecution.
- 2.—That those belonging to the "Church of Silence" in Communist-controlled countries may also be able to raise their voices in supplication to the Virgin for peace and harmony in the world.
- 3.—The Supreme Pontiff calls for devotion of every kind—public, private, individual, and collective—in tribute to Our Lady. He stressed, particularly, pilgrimages to Marian Shrines in various parts of the world and for public devotions in the dioceses.
- 4.— Lourdes and Rome are to lead year-long devotion.
- 5.—Prayers to the Blessed Mother for intentions of the following are suggested in the encyclical:
 - a.—Spiritual moral welfare of the youth of the world.
 - b.—Pray that domestic life may be conspicuous for inviolate faithfulness, and that it may flourish through proper and saintly education of its children and be strengthened by true concord and mutual help.

As Catholic college students, this month of December, then, should be of great significance to us. The Marian Year places responsibility on all Catholics. To those of us who have been availed of a Catholic college education, the responsibility is yet greater. We must lead in the devotion to Mary, and encourage others to follow.

With the beginning of the Marian Year this month, let us first resolve to grow in our devotion to our blessed Mother. In this way we will comply with our responsibilities to ourselves. Secondly, we will then be in a position to lead and encourage others to a deeper devotion to Mary, thus meeting with the objectives of this Marian Year.

There is much food for thought in the words of St. Louis De Montfort: "Jesus Christ is not known as he ought to be because Mary up to this time has been unknown." Let us then resolve to keep Mary foremost in our minds during the coming year. Thus, not only having a theoretical knowledge of her, but also a practical one—one in which she may have a place in our every day living. By studying Mary and following her example, we will be on our way to a deeper appreciation and knowledge of Christ.

ORA

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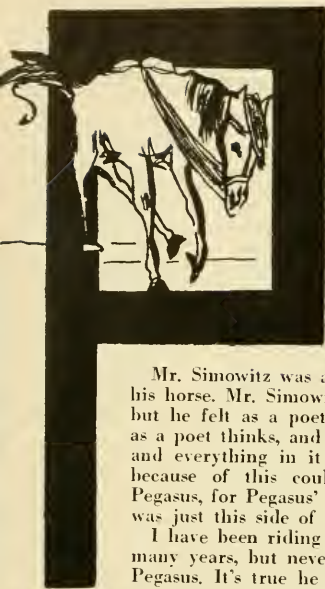
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RADIANT CROWN
 Nettie Rementeria Inside Cover

Cover by Mary F. Schlusser



PEGASUS

By ANN FALLERT '55

Illustrated by MARY F. SCHLUSSER '54

Mr. Simowitz was a poet and Pegasus was his horse. Mr. Simowitz didn't write poetry, but he felt as a poet feels, and he thought as a poet thinks, and he regarded the world and everything in it as a poet must. Only because of this could Mr. Simowitz love Pegasus, for Pegasus' appearance, as a horse, was just this side of a circus freak.

I have been riding all kinds of horses for many years, but never have I seen one like Pegasus. It's true he had all the individual parts that are necessary to make up a horse, but the ridiculous disproportion between them made him unique. I was never quite sure whether his hindquarters were too large for his forehead, or whether the forehead was too small for the hindquarters. It wasn't evident which end was normal and which was the anomaly. But to Mr. Simowitz, who had a strong creative imagination, Pegasus was a beautiful animal with a noble soul.

Mr. S., (that's what everyone around the stable called him), also conceived Pegasus to be the archetypal jumper. The strange thing was, that whenever Mr. S. was around, Pegasus lived up to this conception. He flew effortlessly over any hurdle no matter how high or wide. He might have been naturally gifted for this accomplishment because of his huge strong hindquarters, but there was more to it than his obvious physical ability. I was soon convinced of this because whenever I exercised Pegasus alone, he was an absolute plug. I could feel the difference as soon as I got on his back. The horse became sluggish and stubborn and when I put him to the jump he just refused. I tried using the crop, but that only made him buck and throw me, which gets to be unpleasant after a while.

The first time it happened, I thought it was simply that his behaviour was as freakish as his appearance. After a while, though, it became an incredible but consistent pattern. Pegasus was the great jumper only when

Mr. Simowitz was actually present, willing it and believing it. I know it's almost inconceivable, but it was as if Mr. Simowitz's faith and will were the necessary complement to the ultimate realization of Pegasus' physical capacities. Mr. S. would go up to his horse and say, "Good morning, my Beauty, my Pet, my Lovely, my Joy", and proceed to tell Pegasus how wonderful he was and how high he could jump. This wasn't really too odd for I've heard many people talk foolishly to horses. The impossible part was the horse's ridiculous reaction to this avid devotion. He nodded his head, his expression became happy and proud—and he actually smiled, or at least gave a convincing horsey impression of smiling.

I was seriously beginning to doubt my senses because nobody else in the stable ever acted as though anything unusual was going on. Of course they might never have seen what I had, but I was afraid to ask them for fear they would really think I was going mad.

Gradually I became not completely used to but at least calmer toward the situation. After I discovered that Pegasus would only perform when Mr. S. was there I stopped trying to exercise him alone. It would have been useless to try to explain his horse's behaviour to Mr. S. so I told him that Pegasus was a constant joy. This made Mr. Simowitz happy and gave me much less work.

I often tried to get Mr. S. to ride Pegasus himself. That would have made an unbeatable team. I promised to teach him, but he would only smile obscurely at me and say, "Oh, no, that wouldn't be right at all". He never explained why it wouldn't be right, but I imagine that he thought any rider was a limitation of Pegasus' natural talents, and he couldn't bear to be that himself. However, he also realized that it was a necessary limitation if he wanted to show the horse. And he did want very much to enter it in horse shows, not for cups and ribbons, or ever

just for the sake of winning, but because he wanted to show the wonders of "his Joy" to everybody.

Things went on in this fashion for several weeks. Then one day posters were tacked up in the stable office announcing the forthcoming Winter Horse Show to be held in the armory. This was *the* event of the equine season and the competition was sure to be stiff.

Overnight, the atmosphere of the stable became electrified. Everyone was excited and working hard to get his horse ready for the show. Everyone was excited, that is, except Mr. S. He seemed to remain his serene confident self. Perhaps his smile broadened just a trifle, for I'm sure he was thrilled about Pegasus' public debut. The talents of "his Lovely" were about to be displayed to throngs of what he knew would be appreciative admirers. I wasn't quite as jubilant, for I still wasn't convinced of the horse's prowess. I knew what he could do, but I didn't know if he would do it. And from experience, I knew that anything can go wrong at show time. It wasn't wise to be over confident.

Mr. S. came to the stable every day now, so both the horse and I were working hard. Despite my rather pessimistic attitude, things began to look pretty good. The horse was really going beautifully. He put all he had into every jump and even began to transmit his exuberance to me.

Mr. S. entered his horse in all the Open Jumper and Knockdown and Out classes. These were perfect for Pegasus, because neither physical conformation nor manner of jumping were considered in judging the winner. The only thing that mattered was that the horse clear the hurdles, and the horse that cleared the most and the highest won by elimination. If things continued the way they were going, nothing could beat Pegasus. He might even win the coveted Jumper Championship in his first horse show. However, that was a big "if".

The time of the Winter Horse Show finally arrived. Pegasus' first trial was to be Class 24, Open Jumper, scheduled for 8:00 on Friday night. He was also entered in Class 26, Knockdown and Out, which was supposed to start at 10:45 the same night.

I arrived at the armory about 6:30, got my exhibitor's number at the gate, and started looking for Mr. S. I found him in Pegasus' stall giving the horse a final devotional pep talk. I should have been accustomed to it by this time, but it never failed to embarrass me slightly. I left them alone and went to check the tack. Saddle and bridle were both in good order. I still had

time to kill, but I didn't want to go back to the stall yet, and I didn't feel like talking to the other riders the way I usually do before a show. We always talked about the horses we were showing, and what could I say about Pegasus.

I was really feeling miserable at this point. Even in normal circumstances I always have a kind of stage fright before a show, and the thought of the crazy animal I was going to ride certainly didn't help. Finally, I walked out to the main area where the ring was set up. I'm glad I did because it made me feel better. There's something so wonderful and exciting about a horse show. There's a charged atmosphere that comes from a combination of interested people, good horses, and terribly serious competition. Exhibitors don't enter shows for fun, they enter to win.

A lot of people had arrived and the show was almost ready to begin, so I went back to the rear half of the armory which had been turned into a stable. Mr. S. was sitting on a small stool in front of the stall. At least the conversation was over and silence reigned. Extra grooming at this point wouldn't have made any difference in Pegasus' appearance, so I just took off his blanket, put on his tack, and walked him up and down to limber up his muscles. I was expecting last minute instructions from Mr. S., but I guess he didn't think it was necessary for he didn't say a word.

He just sat there watching his horse and smiling. And Pegasus smiled back. They were like two children filled with some wonderful secret that I wasn't in on. I mounted when I heard the ring master announce our class but I stayed in the stable. I didn't want to jump first, because I wanted to see the kind of competition we were up against. It was very good. Altogether, there were about thirty horses in this class, but there were really only four that I was worried about. I waited until after these four had jumped before I walked Pegasus to the in-gate. One of them, Sky High, had jumped the course with only $\frac{1}{2}$ of a fault—we had to match this.

I had expected some trouble because it was Pegasus' first time in a show. However, to my amazement, the horse took over as soon as we got in the ring. I just sat on his back and literally went along for the ride. I thought I heard a few laughs from the spectators when they first saw him, but after the first spectacular jump, they changed to gasps of surprise, and when he finished the course with a perfect score there was applause. Pegasus left the ring with a blue ribbon, one



hundred dollars in prize money, 7 points toward the championship, and a flabbergasted rider on his back. I was ecstatic and hugged both Mr. S. and his horse with much vehemence. But they just kept smiling serenely as if they had known all along what was going to happen.

Excitement always makes me hungry, so I left them together and went to the make-shift restaurant for something to eat. The other riders there were just as amazed as I about Pegasus' performance and I didn't mind talking about him at all now, in fact, they couldn't stop me.

I was still praising the merits of my mount, when, about 9:30, there was suddenly great confusion. People were running about and someone was calling for the doctor over the loud speaker system. I figured that one of the riders had been thrown and badly hurt. I hurried out to the ring to see if it was someone I knew. The ring was empty so I ran back to the stable. The accident must have happened there, for a large crowd of people had gathered. I was determinedly pushing my way through them to the center, when suddenly I stood absolutely still—for there in front of Pegasus' stall was Mr. Simowitz stretched out on a blanket.

When I could move once more, I knelt down beside him. He just lay there, awfully still, his face white and drawn. The doctor whispered to me that it was an acute appendicitis attack. He assured me that Mr. S. would be all right as soon as he could get to a hospital. But I was too stunned to think. All I could say was, "what will we do". Mr. Simowitz reached for my hand and with a great effort said, "Please—tell Pegasus you believe in him". Then he shut his eyes as if the attempt to talk was too exhausting. The ambulance finally arrived and he was taken away on a stretcher.

The once wonderful night had turned into a nightmare, and I didn't know what to do. I wanted to go to the hospital but I felt that I owed it to Mr. S. to ride in the last class, and win. I walked into Pegasus' stall. I could tell that the horse sensed that something was seriously wrong, but I was determined to try to take Mr. Simowitz's place. I stood there looking at the horse for a minute and then I began faltering: "My Beauty—My Pet—My Lovely—". I heard a noise behind me and turned quickly to see a stable boy star-

ing at me. I never felt so foolish in my life, but I just stared back and he walked away, probably thinking I was crazy.

With even more reluctance I began again: "My Beauty, My Joy. You can win Pegasus. I believe—". But it was no good because I didn't believe, and the horse knew it. I did believe in Mr. Simowitz, I believed that he could make the horse jump, but my faith wasn't strong enough to take the place of his.

I started on a new line. I said firmly, "Pegasus, be reasonable, just because you don't see Mr. S. doesn't mean that he isn't thinking about you. He's not here, he's in the hospital but he is still believing in you". It was no use. The horse couldn't or wouldn't understand. He just stood there gazing mournfully at me.

I think that I knew then what was going to happen, yet I could at least try. I still had a chance. When class 26 was announced I mounted and walked the horse out into the ring.

I cantered him hopefully toward the first jump. For a minute I thought he was going to take it, but then about five feet in front of it he just stopped and stood absolutely still. I didn't kick him, because I knew that there was nothing in the world I could do to make him jump. I got down quietly and led Pegasus back to his stall.

I rubbed him down and when he was dry, put his blanket on and gave him his oats. I knew it would be useless to ride him in the other classes so I arranged to have the horse van take him back to his own stable in the morning. Before I left, I found a piece of sugar in my pocket and offered it to him as Mr. S. always used to do. He wouldn't take it, he wouldn't even look at me, so I went home.

I went home, and that's where I am now. I'm in bed but I can't sleep. I keep thinking about all that happened. I'm so miserable, I almost feel sick. It's not because I didn't win that last class tonight, it's because I know whose fault it is that I didn't win. I realize that it's not Pegasus who is lacking something terribly important. But a realization isn't a solution and I have no idea how to change. I hate to hurt Mr. Simowitz, but I guess I'll just have to look for another horse to ride.

I'll send him my half of the prize money in the morning. Maybe it will help to pay for his operation. I certainly don't deserve it.



UNITED WE STAND?

By HELEN LANDE '54

From Parliament, from Congress, from the New York and the London Times: from the lips of mediocre commentators and politicians to those of Nobel Prize winner, Winston Churchill, comes the appeal for closer Anglo-American cooperation.

Malenkov and his cohorts pursuing the tried and true course of traditional Soviet diplomacy are searching for the one easy path to their goal of world domination. And it lies, they've discovered, in driving a wedge between Europe (particularly Great Britain) and the United States. However, the free world, of late on its toes, has discovered the truth of this statement, too. Hence, the frantic efforts to cement British-American relations, the sincere attempts on both sides of the Atlantic to agree (if only to disagree).

Mr. Churchill has expressed these points succinctly when syllogistically he stated, "... that peace transcends all other issues because all other issues depend on peace". Further, "that the peace and stability of the whole world depend on an increasingly closer and resolute collaboration between the United States and the British Commonwealth," and consequently, "that the Conservative Government intends to build up the fabric of peace stone by stone through the removal of every obstacle to a fuller Anglo-American understanding".

Churchill's, Truman's, and Eisenhower's efforts have borne much fruit. The effectiveness of the Marshall aid, the development of NATO, the spadework for the European

Army are concrete evidences that hands have stretched across the sea.

But why *shouldn't* England and the United States pursue a common policy—that is the obvious question. Do not the similar culture, the common language, and the early history of the two peoples all point to a basic understanding between the nations? It is, the majority believes, a gratuitous assumption. But is it?

In the "New Statesman and Nation" (Jan. 13, '51), there appeared the following remarks:

"We should declare firmly our refusal to be dragged into war with China—and maybe with the Soviet Union as well . . . because of rashness and faulty management on the part of some of our friends."

One has but to scan the columns of English journals to find that statements of this ilk vie with each other for space on the printed page.

Yet, U. S. foreign policy is admittedly devoted to the containment of Communism and the thwarting of all of Russia's imperialistic plans for expansion, particularly in the Far East.

Something, undeniably, is lacking then in the much revered, much talked-of Anglo-American cooperation when the English populace waxes strongly vocal both in the condemnation of America's Far East policy and in the recommendation of appeasement.

Certain misconceptions are widely supported in Great Britain. In current vogue, for example, is the belief that Communist

China is independent of Moscow, that is heartily approved of by the Chinese people, that it is far superior to the corrupt and inefficient administration of Chiang Kai-Shek. It is also commonly held that the United States is overemphasizing the Communist issue, and by continuing in American, "or foolishly" (as the British would say), diplomacy will embroil the West "in an insane conflict which besides having no clear-cut moral justification . . . would entail the devastation by atomic warfare of our island home".

Criticisms are regularly hurled against Dulles for the U.S. Formosa policy. What right, the Britisher asks, does the U.S. have to retain Formosa in direct violation of the Cairo pledge—the pledge that unconditionally guaranteed the island to China.

The Britisher, in this instance, has failed to realize that the Nationalist Chinese government, the last duly and legally elected government of China, is in complete control of Formosa.

Perhaps, the U.S. stand on the recognition of Red China and the seating of its representatives in the U.N. wakes the most spirited response from the Engländer.

Our whole attitude is labeled simply "unrealistic", and then any attempt to follow American reasoning on the subject ends.

Second in importance is the issue of economic sanctions as applied to Mao-tse-tung's government. Many British subjects see in the proposal only a threat to the island's economic well-being. They fail to perceive the inherent logic in the U.N. and U.S. attitude on the subject. Has not the world organization branded Communist China an aggressor nation? Is it not, then, reasonable to expect that those nations dedicated to the avowed purpose of the U.N.—that of preserving peace and preventing aggression anywhere—is it not reasonable that they should zealously guard against aiding and abetting the criminal, as it were, in any way, shape, or form?

The consideration of such questions obviously leads to one conclusion: despite repeated attempts at British-American harmony, there exists on several vital world problems a fundamental difference of viewpoint that in the interest of world peace must be reconciled.

Perhaps, an investigation into the basic causes of the conflict will prove valuable in the working out of a solution.

I believe that the roots of the problem are to be found in England's historic diplomatic method. It is native to the Britisher to find systematic planning irksome and un-

workable. For centuries, Britain's public servants, believing they could not pierce the future, have relied on their capacity to meet emergencies as they arise. They have shied away from logic in government holding fast to the principle that men are not governed by logic. Rather, they have repeatedly sought workable, if temporary, compromises; they have refused to push an argument to its inevitable conclusions, and they have insisted time and time again on the advisability of allowing time, the miraculous healer, to take its course. Churchill epitomized this view when at the October Tory Conference held this year at Margate, he exclaimed ". . . the world needs patience. It needs a period of calm rather than vehement attempts to produce clear-cut solutions".

The guiding light, then, in British diplomacy is the practice of judging each issue on its merits. When viewed from this angle, Britain, not the U.S. appears to be pursuing the wiser course currently. Russia has launched a peace offensive, has she not? Why not, then, go along with, encourage her? Mao-tse-tung has accomplished much in the way of land and administrative reform. Let us extend to him, therefore, our helping hand. China presents herself to us as a consumer nation, and we, "a country of shopkeepers", are in quest of potential customers. Would not a policy of mutual trade be the pragmatic course? Thus, the British mind reasons, and if we accept the basic premise, we cannot deny that it is conclusive reasoning.

But herein is the heart, the core of the problem. We do deny the basic premise—and for two weighty reasons. Firstly, the intellectual background to which we have called attention has beclouded the British view of Communism. Marxist Communism, particularly as elaborated by Lenin and Stalin, is dedicated to the eventual overthrow of all non-Communist governments and to world domination by the Soviet. This is no mere American interpretation. This is the fact boldly stated on page II of Stalin's *Foundations of Leninism*. Moreover, in the attainment of this objective, the pragmatic Communist is prepared to follow a zig-zag course, to advance and if necessary retreat, to present now one and then another measure—little matter if they are diametrically opposed in order to obtain the future goal. Therefore, it is imperative that Russia's occasional peace gestures be interpreted for what they in reality are—temporary retreats for expediency's sake from her objective of universal Communism and Soviet domination. Suc-

cinctly, then, the Communist policy is a dangerous and a long-range one: if it is to be dealt with realistically (to borrow a British expression), we must recognize it as such!

Our second argument against the British policy of "muddling through" revolves about the United Nations, its principles, and its purpose. It also calls into play the entire question of absolutism and universal law.

At Dunbarton Oaks and again at San Francisco, a little less than a decade ago, the prospective leaders of the world agreed to fashion a supra-national organization with manifold functions, for the sake of convenience, might be reduced to the preservation of peace through the guidance of international relations on the basis of international law, and the universal protection of universal, inherent, human rights. Simply, then, the founders of the U.N. believed that peace could be attained and preserved only if it were anchored deep in a firm foundation of principle. Compulsive logic underlies the U.N. Charter. Nations, as individuals, have duties and responsibilities toward their respective citizens, toward each other, and toward the world community. When any nation fails to live up to its obligations, it breaks the international law, and in strict commutative justice, it must be punished.

The United Kingdom, is, of course, a member of this great organization, a signer of its charter. The implication is obvious.

The U.S., assuredly, is not blameless as regards the present difficulties impairing the

strength of Anglo-American cooperation. However, our purpose is not to argue the case for both sides. Rather, we have tried to bring into clearer focus what we believe to be the prime error of Great Britain in its handling of foreign affairs. Further, we have endeavored to prove that it is Britain who now turns her back on reality as she refuses to perceive the Communist monster for what it is, as she inconsistently supports the U.N. Charter without adhering in tota to its inherent doctrine of absolutism.

Secretary of the Navy, Robert B. Anderson, in an address delivered this fall at Baylor University, Waco, Texas, basically defended our viewpoint. Although he spoke in another connection, the truths of his statements might well be abstracted and, with minor changes, applied in the present problem.

He said in part: "If man is to judge himself competently, the standards he applies to his conduct must of necessity be beyond his power to modify or define. If a man has the power to define what his standards are, then they almost inevitably become what he wills them to be. Thus through man's infinite capacity for rationalization, many lies may seem to be truth, deceit may wear the cloak of honor, oppression may be practiced in the name of justice. This, to me, is the great ethical error of materialism, humanism, and all other systems of philosophy which do not recognize the independent existence of absolute moral and spiritual values"

THE CARELESS WORD

*Gingerly, delicately, carefully suspended
'Tis gone*

*Swiftly
Surely
Hurtling
down,*

*like a fragile bubble it had hung
'til a foolish wind pushed it and passed on
little knowing it had shattered a dream.*

By CONNIE JOHNSON '57

ANN MARIE SLAVIN '54

Darkness engulfed the city, and, as if by magic, brought to it an incomparable loveliness; a loveliness intensified by the accumulation everywhere of millions of pure white crystal flakes. Hushed by the perfect harmony of night and snow were the harsh, dissonant sounds of reality. Peace—a wonderfully serene and still peace—was conferred upon the earth. And beauty reigned supreme.

An able defender is this flawless mass of the beauty and perfection of Nature. And, yet, all aspects of Nature reflect this excellence: even the stubby green cacti that jut like ugly gnomes out of sand and rock testify to her distinctive characteristics. One would almost think no other created thing could equal the perfection of Nature. But, obviously, man presents himself as her rival. A superior creature, he enjoys the highest, noblest kind of existence in this world. His capacity for perfection is assured through the exercise of those extraordinary powers of knowing and loving. And despite this faculty for a greater perfection than that of Nature, man so often falls prey to the pursuit of an inferior excellence via secondary goals.

Knowledge constitutes the sole end of the intellect: its perfection is attained upon the active seizure of the truth and the enjoyment of that truth for its own sake. With an entire field of knowable objects from which to choose, the mind draws to itself a particular object in which it recognizes beauty—order and integrity established by an intelligent being. The result of this activity is an overflow of joy because of the very act of knowing, and because of the object known. Thus it can be said that the object of the mind is simply and solely knowledge. Nevertheless, today, almost all intellectual pursuits overlook this peculiar function of the mind, and substitute as the object that which is most useful to the individual. This utilitarian aspect of seeking knowledge is especially evident in education. Why must the sheer enjoyment of knowledge find consistent and constant, though indirect, condemnation by the demands of those educators bent on receiving numerous and periodic media of expression from their students? Why must the acquisition of knowledge by students be evaluated according to its usefulness in preparation for a particular field or profession? Yes, it's true, the modern man is pragmatically inclined and the odds against seeking knowledge for its own sake are heavy. Is man, then, doomed to a life dedicated to utility? Is it really futile to hope that man can ever free himself to enjoy, to the smallest degree, knowledge for its own sake?

The virtues attributed to the intellect would be incomplete were it not for that act perfecting the will—love. Working together, knowledge and love form a complementary whole. Unique and mysterious, love is not something which can be defined easily. It varies from person to person, and undergoes constant changes within the individual from year to year. And strangely enough, it is in just this that man seeks his ultimate perfection. To what extent he attains it, is problematical. However, the most common manifestation of love today, seems to be friendship. It is argued by some that the perfection of love is to be found in personal friendship, whether between man and woman, between man and man, or between man and God. But, again, this perfection is forestalled by the very thing that prevents perfection of the intellect, utilitarianism. Most friendships can be reduced to one or two questions: what profit can be gained for the individual from the friendship, and, what pleasure for the individual can be derived from it? To be a genuine

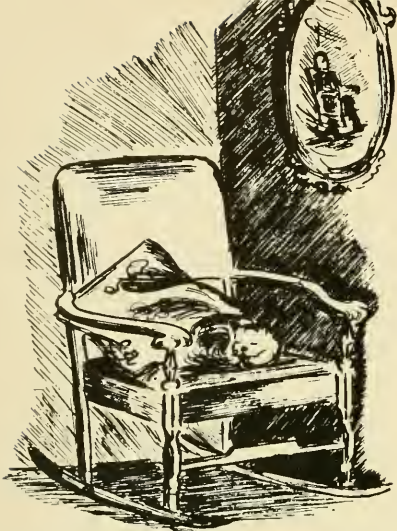
friendship, a love of the person for his own sake and a sharing in the life of that person is necessary. Inevitably, though, pride and selfishness enter into it at sometime or other, and form an inferior friendship. Is it too much as in the case of knowledge, to expect man, for all his innate capacity, to arrive during this life at a perfect friendship?

This then is the nature of man—a being endowed with an intellect and will; therein lies the source of his perfection. Of course, the development to perfection of these powers can only be attained upon an adherence to their proper ends. Such an adherence would naturally render harmony between knowledge and love, and would result in an even greater peace than that of the night and snow. The question, though, remains: can man, the natural lord and ruler of the earth, ever free himself from his narrow world of utilitarianism and selfishness, and rise to the heights of the sublime, to perfection.

PYRE

*The night blanched, the gutter glowed
Illumined by a virile surge of orange fire
As a modern Siva in sweater and slacks
Reigned with sceptered rake on daisied curb.
Nervous flames framed his form
Pulsing up from tired leaves
Which vegetation—not like to the
Phoenix—
Succumbed unstruggling to corruption
And ash-like soon forgot their trees.*

By ANN FALLERT '55



PORTRAIT

By MARY SHEA '55

Illustrated by JANICE ALBERTI '54

We had all been eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the picture — and it finally came, carefully packed in a large flat crate padded with great amounts of excelsior. Since Grandma died, we had heard a great deal about this picture, for it was the only significant one ever made of her. The artist, a friend of a cousin whom Gram frequently visited out West, had completed the portrait just before Gram's death. For two years, it had remained in the hands of relatives, but it was finally decided that we, as the closest of kin, were entitled to it.

* * *

Gram had always been a great favorite of ours, especially when we were growing up. When she burst in upon our busy household, everyone and everything stopped, for Gram always had to have the spotlight. I've often thought since that she would have made a tremendous actress, for Gram certainly knew how and when to capture attention. She would head for the rocking chair (she always called it hers although the cat disagreed with her), fluff up the pillows behind her back and clap her hands for our wandering attention. Usually, Gram had all eyes and ears immediately for she always had something amusing to say — a speck of gossip which she turned upside down and inside out to be sure that she had covered every hidden implication, or a story of some trouble someone had had (they usually deserved it for people nowadays had life too easy), and always the dramatization of some joke she had played on someone. Or if she hadn't had the opportunity to play one recently, she'd retell an old one — and we'd always laugh. That was really why we loved Gram and looked forward to her visits — she always made us laugh.

There was another reason, too, why my sisters and I liked Gram — she constantly took our side against what she termed "parent interference". She continually elided my mother for fussing over our food, for worrying if we didn't eat and for plaguing us with all kinds of medicine. Just to convince us that she was eager to see us win, she took every opportunity to fill us up with forbidden sodas and fudge. Once when my parents went away for a week, Gram came to take care of us. She asked us the first day to decide the menu for the week, so for seven glorious days we lived on spaghetti, layer cake and frankfurters. She was convinced that we more than made up in independence whatever we might have lost in vitamins.

Gram had not had an easy life. She had been born and bred on a northern farm where she was often expected to do a man's work. She frequently told us stories of rising at five a.m., milking the cows in the frosty barn and then trudging three miles through the snow to a drafty country school. Her days were busy ones, for she was the eldest of a large family. Never wealthy, she necessarily derived pleasure from the simplest things in her life — a holiday in the woods gathering maple syrup; decorating the Christmas tree with expen-

sive and unfamiliar fruits and nuts; or an unexpected gift of a picture book which she was obliged to read by the light of a smoky oil lamp.

Because of her unique beginning, Gram retained throughout her life a distaste for luxuries and also a tremendous zest for living. At eighty, she had the energy of a woman a third of her age. Gram was always doing something or else thinking of something to do. As far as she was concerned, boredom was a modern invention. In her later years, her eyes began to fail, but she finally agreed to get a pair of "newfangled specs" and she soon had a new lease on life. She knitted or crocheted constantly and every relative within the tenth degree had one of Gram's sweaters, usually three sizes too large "to allow for shrinking." In spite of her distaste for novelties for herself, she was always greatly interested in the transient tastes of the younger generation. One Christmas, all of the teenage girls got stocking caps in their school colors—a feat which required some research on Gram's part.

Gram did other things too. She read two papers every day (one to check the other), specialized in several varieties of *scrumptious* baked goods, headed an altar society, and, in season, was a Dodger fan. But the greatest pleasure Gram received from modern living was the wonderful facilities it provided for traveling. She delighted in worrying the family to death while she jaunted by plane all over the country. Gram would have gone to Honolulu at the drop of a hat—if she had the chance. Once, she got ready in just one hour for a six month visit to Canada. The relatives she popped in on always said she would someday contract some terrible heart ailment. But Gram was never sick a day in her life—a condition she attributed to her busy existence.

Unexpectedly, Gram took great pride in her appearance and spent a lot of time on it. She never acquired "excess poundage" and went regularly to the beauty parlor—another concession to the "times". But dress was something in which Gram remained constant. She never wore short-sleeved or "neckless" dresses or "archless" shoes. She constantly reminded us with vigor that she had never in her life worn a bathing suit or slacks and had "never, never" gone stockingless.

Like all people who have lived a long time, and who, as a result, have become accustomed to this life, Gram had her set ways and little idiosyncrasies. But we had become so used to them that they no longer seemed strange. She always had to have her coffee *with* her meals and a piece of gum ("Chicklets" in the *green box*) after eating. Gram, like the chickens she used to feed, rose every morning at six o'clock, regardless of the day or the place, and went to bed promptly at ten. But a half hour after she disappeared into her bedroom, we would still hear her low murmuring voice—for Gram always said her prayers out loud, "the way they were meant to be said". In fact, it was this unflinching habit of hers that told us of her death. One summer night, the murmuring stopped very shortly after it started. We rushed in and found Gram slumped against the bed with her old-fashioned wooden beads still clutched in her hand.

* * *

The picture has been hanging on the living room wall now for two weeks and I still don't like it. At first, I couldn't figure out the reason, for it did *look* just like Gram. She was sitting in a rocking chair wearing her favorite black dress (long sleeves and high neck) and there was an unfinished sweater upon her lap. She had that intent expression on her face that usually appeared when she was puzzled about something. Perhaps she couldn't understand why this fool artist was making her sit still for so long doing nothing . . . and I think that must be the reason why this picture is all wrong. Gram doesn't look right captured there on a piece of dead canvas. She was so active that most of the snaps we have of her are blurred.

If only something in the picture were moving, the chair or the knitting needles or *something*. Probably the only effective way in which Gram's spirit could be preserved for posterity would be through one of those "newfangled" abstract mobiles. For Gram's life was a mixture of disconnected things—things like swimming rockers, laughter, flashing needles, silver planes and "Chicklets" (in the *green box*).

MUSINGS ON THE MUSES

By ANN FALLERT '55

Darkest Africa—1931 variety

Hollywood never stops moving in cycles. Once again the African adventure extravaganza is in vogue. Recent pictures, like *MOGAMBO* and *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*, make truly heroic efforts, but even with technicolor and Clark Gable they can't surpass their inimitable prototype, *TRADER HORN*. This 22-year-old classic manages to retain its lead through frequent revivals. One of its most endearing features is that it doesn't claim to be anything more than it is. It's a fast moving, rip roaring, suspense filled adventure story that has the audience holding its breath and biting its nails while the ferocious animals are chased by the intrepid hunters and the intrepid hunters are chased by the savage cannibals. Harry Carey plays the dauntless white hunter, Aloysius Horn, and Edwina Booth is Nina, the long lost white girl who has become a native queen. I have to admit that it all seems rather ridiculous in print. Well anyway, Nina, in her primitive state, is adorned simply with a wild profusion of disarrayed blond locks and a bare minimum of well tailored animal pelts. She speaks only a dialect of unintelligible gibberish, but she manages to convey her every wish and emotion admirably through eye and gesture. That's real acting! The rest of the sparse dialogue isn't much more thought provoking than Nina's. It's typified by such lines as, "By the lord, you're a brave woman ma'am." But who has time to be intellectual when being stalked by superstitious flesh eating savages stirred up by the abduction of their prize juju, their very own white queen. It's a good thing that the picture as a whole depends on action rather than words. It has a happy ending, of course, and the audience goes home exhausted but content.



Almost Free Opera

The Amato Opera Theatre is the unpretentious Village home of a group of dedicated operatic artists who function solely through the voluntary contributions of their patrons. Attending one of their performances is quite an experience. If you haven't advance reservations, you wait in great anticipation, together with the long-haired artists and gaunt musicians, in the tiny lobby until 8:20, and then go dashing down the aisle for the best seats. Since the object of this heroic professional company is to present Grand Opera that is also good theater, one of their typical productions is *DON GIOVANNI*. They staged this difficult opera admirably, despite lack of space and technical facilities. I was quite impressed when the rakish libertine was sent to hell in the last act with much fireworks and even a revolving set. On the whole, the singing, accompanied by an "orchestra" of two pianos, is excellent. Of course, there are always a few laughable exceptions, but these can even be found at the Met. . . . Roses should really be tossed to the inspired Anthony Amato, who is general manager, director, conductor, prompter, and guiding spirit of this cultural venture.

Choreography and Carabosse

For the last seven years, Walter Terry, dance critic of the N. Y. Herald Tribune, has conducted a Dance Laboratory series at the Y.M. and Y.W.H.A. Since the Sadler's Wells Ballet made such a favorable impression on New York balletomanes in the fall, this seasons lectures began with the appearance of the English company's chief choreographer, Frederick Ashton. This charming and gracious Englishman discussed, among other topics, the basic differences between English and American styles of dancing. He thinks that the English dancer is characterized by a softer lyric quality and a deeper sense of tradition, while the American combines a strong sense of rhythm with an athletic vitality. Mr. Ashton admitted that he is an instinctive artist,



that he is driven by a purely emotional stimulus to create choreography. With much *élan*, he demonstrated gestures from traditional mime, which is such an important element in English ballet, and he ended the program by dancing, in his business suit, the part of Carabosse, the wicked witch in *SLEEPING BEAUTY*. The priceless part of this was the dialogue that he surreptitiously uses on stage to help him remember the difficult mime sequence. After the lecture, Mr. Ashton came out into the lounge adjoining Kaufmann Auditorium to greet his friends and admirers. I stood raptly and in awe in the background, not having anything sufficiently intelligent to say to this genius, and feeling myself past the stage where simply asking for an autograph would be forgivable.



Actor extraordinaire

The New York City Center of Music and Drama is celebrating its tenth anniversary by presenting the much admired José Ferrer in *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*, *THE SHRIKE*, *RICHARD III*, and *CHARLEY'S AUNT*. The management happily announces that Mr. Ferrer is freely donating his services, however, he is receiving a rarely offered opportunity to display his versatility in four consecutive choice roles. In a public interview which preceded the series, he appeared in pink shirt and plaid vest and launched naturally into a discussion of himself. One of the side topics he touched upon was Shakespeare, whom he reads as other people read detective novels. He thinks that the appeal of the great Bard on the stage depends mainly on plot and action. He admitted however, that "he threw in a lot of other things too," like the world's greatest poetry. This *artiste* is quite proud of his sensitive auditory faculty. He claims that during a play he can anticipate a cough or sneeze from the house and that he will imperceptibly hesitate before the next word so the distraction will not obscure the meaning of his line. I tested this theory during the really excellent production of *CYRANO*. I coughed, but nothing happened. I guess it didn't quite reach him from the second balcony.

From Fairy Tale to Nightmare

The performance of the Slavenska-Franklin Ballet at the Brooklyn Academy of Music was particularly welcome in this season which has been marked by the absence of American ballet companies. The highlight of this small troupe's short stay was the guest appearance of the fabulous Russian-American ballerina, Alexandra Danilova. She danced brilliantly as the Sugar Plum Fairy in the always delightful *NUTCRACKER SUITE*, which is the most substantial and the best performed piece in their repertoire. The work which draws most of their public however, is probably *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*, a ballet based on Tennessee Williams' play with choreography by Valerie Bettis. The character of the undisciplined and repulsive Stanley is one of the most dynamic roles in modern ballet for a male dancer, and Frederic Franklin makes the most of it. This ballet, juxtaposing the realistic and the impressionistic, is really exciting in parts. However, as a whole it suffers from an incongruous combination of ballet and modern dance, and a lack of tightness, which if present, would give it a tremendous impact.



Grand Tour

New York City appears almost indescribably beautiful from the Observation Roof of Rockefeller Center. Lifted 69 floors above the bustling metropolis, the awed spectator can contemplate the East River serenely reflecting the sun's rays, Central Park lying neatly arranged, dotted with tiny lakes, St. Patrick's gothic spires reaching gracefully toward the sky. However, this hushed retreat is only the last stop, the terminal point, of an all inclusive guided tour of the "city within a city." The emphasis of this excursion is placed on the remarkable artistic and architectural highlights of the center. The beautiful as well as functional structure of the many buildings is stressed, magnificent murals by Sert and Winters are discussed, and sculpture such as the majestic Prometheus is pointed out. However, the facts are presented in a manner which makes them interesting as well as informative and on a level which would appeal to the average person. The wide-eyed tourist gets quite an education for his \$1.50.

By CLAIRE LISSNER '57

In the past two centuries impressive progress has been made in the field of science. When the first actinouranium bomb exploded over Hiroshima, followed a few days later by the plutonium explosion over Nagasaki, people realized as never before the tremendous power which science exerts on mankind. Due to the growing awareness of science, there is a growing awareness of the controversy between science and religion. For those who live in the Catholic tradition, there is no real problem. Science preaches, in the language of figures, formulae and discoveries, the harmony of natural order created by an all-wise God.

Nevertheless, we cannot avoid the issue. We can't stand idly by and let the world change its allegiance from God to materialistic, scientific theories. We must understand the cause of the controversies which have led many to treat science and religion as completely opposite fields. Catholic action demands that we be instructed and prepared to spread the truth. And what better way is there to get to the root of the trouble than from within the field itself?

Science is a large field and many more workers are required to fill it. There is a great need of religious men and women, philosophically and theologically minded, and also well trained in some particular science who will be able to become leaders in their field.

The history of the controversy between Christianity and modern science is partly the story of the infringement by one side of the prerogatives of the other, and partly that of normal resistance to new ideas which appear to upset traditional points of view. Such was the case when the theories of evolution of species were first introduced by Darwin in 1859. They were regarded by many to prove the downfall of Christianity. Why? The answer is a long and involved one, stemming from wrong conceptions and misunderstanding on the part of both the scientists and the theologians. Generally, we must realize that special creation, that is, the creation of each species of animal and plant as they are now, was generally accepted as Christian thought.

Some theologians totally missed the intrinsic beauty of the idea of evolution and the chance which it offered to cease thinking of God as perpetually compelled to tinker with His creation, and to regard Him instead as capable of making things make themselves. There are many people left today who do not understand that theistic evolution, a process which is believed to have operated under divine guidance, and Darwinism, which is Charles Darwin's particular explanation of how the process operated, are not at all one and the same thing.

We need not go back into history to illustrate the fact that another cause of conflict between religion and science has been the personal deficiencies of the individual scientist or churchman. We have good examples of this in our own time. Some twenty years ago the eminent churchman and able classical scholar, Cardinal O'Connell, then the Archbishop of Boston, made some critical remarks about the Theory of Relativity. Catholics, of course, knew that the Cardinal was simply expressing a personal opinion. Unfortunately, however, many non-Catholics misinterpreted the Cardinal's remarks, and thought that he implied that the Catholic Church opposed the Theory of Relativity. It was obvious that the Cardinal did not understand theoretical physics. Several years later the very illustrious physicist, Professor Max Planck, took a brief excursion from his quantum physics into the realm of philosophical speculation, and wrote a book entitled *The Philosophy of Physics*. In this book he wrote "I need not here refer to the considerable number of religious dogmas to which physical science has dealt a fatal blow". But Professor Planck could not cite a single Catholic dogma to which science had dealt a fatal blow. Since one of the basic principles of the scientific method is that any allegedly scientific claim is no better than the proofs which support it, Professor Planck's charge must be considered gratuitous and unscientific. When untrained minds read such a charge by so eminent a physicist, they are prone to accept it on the authority of his scientific reputa-

tion. Thus the erroneous impression gets about that science has disproved a considerable number of religious dogmas.

We are living now in an era in which science has made unbelievably rapid progress. It has split the atom, it has broken the sound barrier. These discoveries have fostered many materialistic philosophies. The threat of atheistic communism increases the growing danger of materialism. Bertrand Russell, in *The Impact of Science on Society*, says, "We are living in the last age of man, and if so, it is to science that he will owe his extinction". This is the attitude we must warn our fellow man against: true science, like true religion, offers man not extinction but realization.

What are some possible ways of combating these conflicts? Firstly, by educating the Catholic lay people in the understanding of science so that they might offer their knowledge whenever the occasion arises. Secondly, by sending Catholic scientists into fields of research so that they might participate in workshops and study groups where they will be able to supply the Truth to their co-workers who are groping for it. Thirdly, by encouraging Catholics to adopt science teaching careers.

Today, science is a required subject in our junior and senior high schools and in

practically all college curriculums. This past summer at Pennsylvania State College, under the auspices of the Danforth Foundation, twenty-six members of college and university science faculties met in a workshop-seminar. One of the questions they considered was the influence that a science teacher exerts on his campus, in relation to the topic of the teaching of natural science and religious concepts. It was said that the teacher who does not believe in a personal God transmits this lack of faith to his students, perhaps more by treating religion as unworthy of concern than he does by statements contrary to religious beliefs. Just as students have been led away from God by the agnostic attitudes of teachers, so youth can be inspired to firm confidence in God by saintly men and women, who are wise in the matters of faith and learned in the science they teach. The girl to whom God has given talent, and the advantage of a liberal arts education, should consider seriously the vocation of science teacher.

In these ways we, as Catholic lay people, can come to the aid of our religion and of our fellow men in the battle between religious truths and the natural sciences. Within science we find a field of rapidly growing interest — what better place to start a wave of Catholic Action.

CHRONOS

*Time is a mystery
I cannot discern,
For once the potential.
Is act now in memory.
Crisis and heartache
Barely time-atoms ago,
Now find me Stoic—
Why is it so?*

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

TOO LATE, THE HEART

*You came so quietly that I did not know
You had come at all
Until I turned and saw you there—
Quiet, smiling, in the dusk.*

*I turned away and left you all alone
And yet you did not stir or move away.
Darkness passed and then the light—
Night and day, day and night—
And still you stood
Quiet, smiling, waiting.*

*The rose bloomed in the garden
Then crumbled and withered on the stem
Only to be caught up by the passing wind
And carried to some far-off knoll,
Yet you did not seem to notice or to care.
You did not go when winter came
In icy blasts
And I could but question why.*

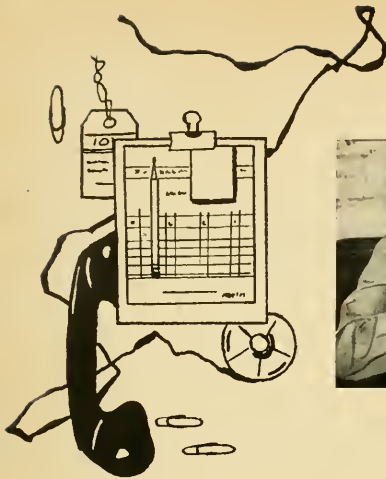
*You stayed until a new rose grew
Then went silently, as you came.
Yet I still see your shadow in the sun
And your smile has not yet faded from my
eyes.
Too late, too late, my heart revealed
That you had come
For me.*

By MARY BRENNAN '54

NOT SO LONG AGO

*Not so long ago . . .
They were playing catch in sandlots
With dreams of one day becoming
Big League players.
They were rollerskating
And pulling the cat's tail,
Yanking pigtails,
And collecting bottle caps;
Teasing, chasing, laughing, racing
Not a care in the world . . .
Not so long ago.
Short years later . . .
They're loading guns in foxholes
With dreams that one day they'll never
See another one.
They are filling canteens,
And biting grenades,
Flying jet planes,
And dodging screaming bullets:
No longer boys, but men . . .
Long before their time.
Lord, we pray Thee . . .
Stop this war that snatched the marbles
From boyish hands, and placed instead —
Bayonets and guns.
If Thou would but place
In every man's heart,
A spark of the love you bear for us,
War would not be,
And our boys would be home,
Happy, sure, unburdened, secure . . .
The prize they fought for —
Won.*

By ANNE BUCKLEY '57



They Tell Me...

By CARMEN ORTEGA '54

... THAT KINSEY LACKS scientific methods, a representative sampling and a true appreciation of human emotions, yet he definitely does not lack an interested public which swallows his findings as quickly as they are published. It is in this, that the danger of the Kinsey report, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" lies. Sex is a perennial topic of interest, but the John and Mary Doe who read the latest opinions and statistics absorb them without analyzing them and evaluating their worth. Kinsey is not to be entirely condemned. He has sincerely attempted to present a scientific study of the sex life of the 3,940 women he interviewed. These statistics are valid, and perhaps even sociologically important, but the conclusions he makes based on these facts are personal summarizations, and are scientifically invalid. The fact that Kinsey's "women" engaged in pre-marital relations and enjoyed happy marriages does not substantiate his conclusion that pre-marital intimacy is a necessary requisite to a successful marriage. The effect of these opinions of the author, which the public believes to be scientifically demonstrated facts, will be disastrous. Inexperienced young men and women will interpret these statistics as exemplifying the current standards of living and will use these to guide their conduct. The Kinsey report has suffered from over-sensationalism, over-publicity, and over-interest. Since it is a scientific survey it should have remained in the realm of science, as an influence for the good. Wholesale reading of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" will have harmful consequences.

... THAT THINKING IS A LOST ART and intelligent discussion a thing of the past. What happened to the days when a group of people would meet, choose a current problem, and engage in an interplay of ideas, opinions, and discussion? We've advanced technologically, but intellectually, we've retreated to a passive state in which we merely absorb. Whatever we read, we indiscriminately make our opinion. The television craze attests to the fact that we prefer to be entertained, rather than entertain ourselves. Let's abandon this sterility of mind, and intellectual laziness! Start thinking, discussing and expounding today!

... THAT HAVING A YOUNGER SISTER is an unforgettable experience, but "unforgettable" is quite an understatement. No one else could spend an entire weekend planning a Grecian Goddess costume for her sorority pledging! No one else could bring home every mangy dog she discovers along the streets!

No one else could set her hair at 11 P. M. and wake at 4:30 A. M. to remove the bobby pins so that the curls wouldn't be tight! No one else could relate the story of a two hour movie in four hours! Oh well, she may be odd—but it makes family life interesting!

... THAT WE CATHOLICS are blessed with so many things, but I think that one of the greatest gifts we have is the interplay of spiritual benefits in the mystical body. We can beseech the cure of a cancer patient whose name we see on a hospital list; we can intercede for a friend who has forgotten God's moral law; we can pray for the safety of a group of soldiers in Korea whom we have never met. It gives you a tremendous feeling to think that perhaps by one simple prayer you can change the fate of an individual who is unknown to you.

... THAT "HOW WILL I KNOW I'M IN LOVE?" is a frequent query of young women. Indeed, loving someone and being loved in return is just about the most wonderful human happiness, and certain criteria can be applied to prove that "that certain feeling" is present. Love exists where there is a basic physical attractiveness, a liking of the same things, a desire to please the other and to sacrifice for him, a preference of simple things with him rather than glamorous things with another and a longing to always be with him. Different people propose different tests, yet I still maintain -- If you don't know whether you're in love or not, then you're not in love!

... THAT "A TIMID MAN WILL NEVER DO GOD any good", and that's just what's wrong with Catholicism. We're a society of charitable, intelligent, pious men and women who are too frightened and perhaps too lazy to bear witness to our Faith. The majority of us lack the initiative, fire, and courage which is essential to the maintenance and spread of Christ's Word. The Communists shout their doctrines at Union Square; the Jehovah Witnesses deposit their literature even in Rectory mailboxes; agnostics attest to their beliefs or lack of beliefs in well-known magazines -- we Catholics do not do enough. Is it so much to ask that we contribute our truths in a mixed gathering attended by peoples of the various religions? Would it prove too embarrassing to leave a copy of "The Tablet" on the train or bus? Does it take so much time to write to the Editors of our daily newspapers and present the Catholic viewpoint on a current problem? By the Sacrament of Confirmation, you were made a soldier of Christ, and received the privilege and duty to stand for your Faith, and proclaim its dogmas. You have been given the ability to do this apostolicizing -- exercise this responsibility often.

... THAT ST. JOE'S is just the most, and cats, I'm with it. Man, it's not only the coolest, it's he chillies. We've real frantie students, real nervous courses, and sko-do-dee-ay-do-do profs. Believe me, you couldn't dig a crazier place!

By PATRICIA GERLACH '54

Illustrated by ELAINE DURANTE '54

It has often been said that history repeats itself. Literature, too, repeats itself. As powerful events of war or revolution appear repeatedly in life, so do compelling themes draw writers to explore them. One hundred years sees the dynamic idea of man's struggle against nature as personified in a sea animal recurring in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. Melville used this theme to form his cosmic novel of the struggle between good and evil, *Moby Dick*.

The turbulent, paradoxical sea of calm and storm, life and death, challenges Hemingway as it did Melville to portray man's essential struggle in life. The mysterious qualities of the sea provoke these men to personify them in a powerful creature of the deep. While the sea, or rather the force against which man must wage the battle of life, remains similar in these novels, the heroes, Ahab and the old man, differ in their identification of and subsequent relationship to the force. Perhaps this difference in the authors' points of view reflects a basic difference in the two centuries' attitudes towards man's struggle. As a descendant of Puritanism, Melville reflects nineteenth century awareness of the omnipresence of evil, a distinct force in life. In contrast, Hemingway, typical of the confused mind of the twentieth century, does not know what force he is fighting. To him, all that is important is to fight.

In spite of accidental differences in the fish, the essential features of these sea monsters remain the same. Both possess a power of attraction which draws Ahab and the old man to spend their strength and ultimate life endeavoring to destroy the fish. The reader is never aware of a conflict in the men to follow the fish or to desert their task. Instead, he sees the characters entirely consumed with their pursuit. In fact, when Ahab approaches Moby Dick, he is so drawn that he refuses to search for a drowned man. Later during the encounter with the whale, Stubb, who in Melville's hierarchy is most similar to the great Ahab, refuses to cease the chase even to save his life. Santiago, the old man, knew that he did not possess the strength to go out far into the sea, but likewise compelled, he continued to pursue the fish.

In presenting the force against which men must fight, Melville and Hemingway attributed another similar feature to their symbols

—both are supreme in their species. Not only is the whale the largest animal, but Moby Dick is the largest whale. His strength is unsurpassed. To impress his reader with the magnitude of the White Whale, Melville devotes chapters to a discussion of the biology of the whale and the involved procedure of the whale hunt. Hemingway's great fish was also distinctive for his size and strength. "Now alone and out of sight of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of. . . ."

Besides being compelling and great in magnitude, these symbols are also a means of destruction. Both cause their pursuer's death. Ahab meets his ignominious death by being pinioned to the whale by the very harpoon rope intended for Moby Dick. Besides killing the captain, the whale also completely destroys the ship, the *Pequod*. Although the fish is not the direct cause of the old man's death, it is the indirect one in so far as it draws all remaining strength from his enervated body.

Although Hemingway and Melville were both concerned with the same theme, and portrayed the force of nature in a similar fashion, they differ decidedly in their point of view. Melville, in the person of Ahab, approaches Moby Dick from a spirit of hate and revenge. The White Whale took Ahab's leg. The captain, embittered by this loss which hinders his heroic whaling feats, is determined to kill Moby Dick. However, when one of his mates, Starbuck, remarks that vengeance for a dumb animal is blasphemy, Ahab says he is not fighting the whale. Rather, he is fighting the principle which destroyed him. The whale, he says, is a mere prison wall over the principle. In fact, Ahab came to identify with Moby Dick not only "bodily woes but all his intellectual and spiritual exasperations". This is why Ahab's revenge is so intense, for what should men hate more than that which destroyed them, says Melville.

On the contrary, Hemingway's old man must kill the fish not from revenge but from necessity. It is true that Santiago, having been without a catch for eighty-four days, needs one to sustain life. But, he needs the struggle even more than he needs the fish. To capture this great fish would be a culmination to his life as a fisherman. It would give his life a meaning. The reader does not experience

great remorse at the end of the story when he realizes that the old man will die. Instead, Hemingway is saying that the old man has been ennobled by this fight with nature. As a fisherman, he had to struggle with life (whatever it is) in the person of a fish. The fish itself did not matter — it was the fight that mattered. Therefore, although having lost the fish to the sharks, the old man will still die content. Bullfighters struggle with bulls in *The Sun Also Rises*; hunters encounter big game in Africa in *The Macomber Affair*. This exhibition of strength in an encounter with nature provides a peak in man's life, for it shows that he is equal to combat the opposing force in life's struggle. Instead of hating the fish as Ahab did, the old man loves the fish. He calls him his brother and mourns having to kill him. He tells himself, "You loved him (the fish) when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him."

Melville's Ahab knew why he was fighting Moby Dick; therefore, a spirit of hate developed in him. Evil was real to Melville, and it was sharply distinguished from good. Therefore, a proper emotional response arose in Ahab. Melville focuses his attention on the enemy, the White Whale. However, Hemingway's old man does not hate the fish. It is the fight itself which matters to Hemingway; the object of the fight is insignificant. This is be-

cause Hemingway himself is not aware of precisely what he is fighting. Good and evil are not clear distinctions to Hemingway, as they were to the nineteenth century American of Puritan heritage, Melville. Standards are relative and values confused in Hemingway because he does not know the nature of his antagonist. "Then he was sorry for the great fish that had nothing to eat and his determination to kill him never relaxed in his sorrow for him." The only solution is to fight — fight anything, fish, animals, men — whatever represents for you this compelling, titanic, destructive force. Since he does not know the force against which man is struggling, he cannot hate it as Melville did. This is why, although both men present the force in a similar fashion, both have contrasting reactions to it.

Although the lucid distinction between good and evil may be lost, Hemingway is still aware that man is fighting something — something so powerful that, unlike proud Ahab, he is humble before it. Ahab, the nineteenth century American, knew what he was fighting; however, his weakness lay in his belief that he was great enough to destroy this force single handed. The sea captain's sole faith was placed in the special harpoon which he had prepared aboard the *Pequod* to destroy Moby Dick. Ahab's pride turned him from a human being into a revengeful pursuer. Melville succinctly depicts Ahab's strong, willful pride in these words, "Oh Ahab! What shall be grand in thee, it must needs be plucked at from the skys, and dived for in the deep, and featured in the unbodied air!" Ahab knew no limits. In direct contrast, Santiago is humble before this great force. After capturing the great fish, the old man says, "There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behaviour and his great dignity". Hemingway's old man is humble, perhaps because lacking all the answers to life, he has nothing about which to become self assured. Ahab knew the essence of this problem of life. The very Biblical tone of the novel reflects this. However, excessive pride in his individual power led this nineteenth century man to his destruction.

One hundred years of literature, in the case of Melville and Hemingway, reflect one hundred years of life. The diverse interpretations of the basic theme of man's struggle in life illustrate the change in thought and attitude from positive belief and pride to confusion and humility. If this theme of man's life struggle recurs in literature in another hundred years, perhaps man will be closer to the answer to this insoluble problem of life.



THE PLAY'S THE THING

BY PATRICIA GERLACH '54

The tradition of Broadway opening nights has developed to the point where it practically determines playwrights' lives. A "big, black giant" composed of critics, socialites, and a few friends decides the fate of the author's creation and the producer's million dollars. The function of drama has descended from fidelity to its nature to fidelity to an audience.

To succeed on Broadway a play must overcome a series of paradoxes. It must be original and also appeal to a traditional audience. A young author tries to present an expression of life; however, he must not offend any in his interpretation of character. The same drama has to be watched by a matinee audience composed of women's clubs and tourists as well as by a sophisticated evening group. The opportunities for success on Broadway are few; however, elaborate scenery is almost a prerequisite.

The result of these conditions is that theaters welcome only people with names like Rodgers, Hammerstein, Inge, or Porter. To overcome this situation the American theater has been developing many off-Broadway movements. Allowing for experimentation these small theaters have presented several new playwrights besides many revivals.

Little theater movements may be found throughout the country. From converted barns and golf courses to open air arena theaters, this trend may be found everywhere. Many movie houses which have been forced out of business by television have converted into live theaters. England offers the most unique little theater. In the Medieval tradition of the cycle dramas, a theater on wheels travels throughout the country. Besides providing transportation these trailers also provide actual sets.

New York City offers several off-Broadway theaters. Located primarily in the area of Greenwich Village these theaters appeal to a varied audience. Perhaps a cast will play to an audience of twenty-five people, each of whom has paid \$1.20 to witness this performance. The one assurance to the cast is that the audience has come to experience a drama — not to obtain \$4.80 of amusement. The audience may be greeted with a new leading man who refers to his script throughout the performance. However, there is no fear that the actors are presenting character interpretations designed to please a financial supporter.

Little theater movements afford opportunities for modern staging ideas as well for new dramas. New York and Washington, D.C. are two cities which have tried to experiment with arena theaters. Unlike the conventional stage which opens on one side these theaters—in the round—open to an audience on

every side. On the proscenium type of stage actors endeavor to establish contact between themselves and the audience. In direct contrast those playing on arena stages try to establish an invisible separation between the stage and the audience. To make up for backdrops which often provide necessary scenery, lighting is employed. For example, when one scene required a window as an essential part of the story, a shadow of a window sash was projected on the stage.

To determine the success of the little theater movement one must measure it according to its purpose. To say that this experiment is a failure because these theaters have not grown to Broadway standards is to misunderstand the nature of the little theater. These theaters were formed to allow experimentation to develop in the theater. A theater cannot experiment if it is trying to meet the Broadway standard of paradoxes. Only this year *End as Man* was moved from Greenwich Village to Broadway. If it were not for the small theater this play would never have been tried on Broadway. Nineteen fifty-one saw the origin of the Arena Guild of America. This organization provides actors with information about developments in arena theaters. The necessity for such an organization reflects the growing trend in the American theater. Cities other than New York have shown a remarkable development in attendance at little theaters. Even New York City has a sufficient audience to attend off-Broadway production. Washington's Arena theater has been in operation for three years. Its two hundred and forty-seven seats are filled to capacity by foreign diplomats, American government officials and tourists. The success of the little theater has been in the artistic realm and cannot be measured by dollars and cents.

Without the little theater movement the American theater can easily become stagnant. Established theaters are forced to become aware of modern techniques. Expression and symbolism found their way through the Free Theater movements of Europe. Unusual dramas which have lacked general audience appeal have frequently success in off-Broadway theaters. Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp* moved to the Circle in the Square where it enjoyed one hundred and eighty-five performances. Tennessee Williams' work also found its medium in the little theater. *Summer and Smoke* saw three hundred and fifty-five final curtains. Opening nights occur more frequently in little theaters. If one loses a million dollars on an opening night, he is not going to try another next week. Since failures are not as significant to little theaters, they can keep experimenting.

Many have cited the little theater movement as the answer to television. That is perhaps a debatable question — however, there is no dispute over the movement's place in the American theater. Off-Broadway groups are definitely the answer to the stereotyped dramas of Broadway. Only in independent movements can one find the freedom which is necessary for the growth of art. In an atmosphere of freedom an art form can be faithful to its nature. The theater can look with hope to the experimental movement where instead of the audience — "the play's the thing".

By HELEN LANDE '54

"Professor, there's a chance then, a sure chance we can get this thing through?"

It was an effort not to laugh right in their faces, particularly when one was in such a mood for laughing. How many times had they asked that question?

"But, the Doctor —", they insisted.

She came the nearest she had ever to smiling pixily — "Oh, I don't think you need worry too much on that score!"

"There it is now — opposition personified!" — Ted snapped the thread of her thought.

She turned, she tried to catch his eye: oh, he must see her.

"Leonard! Over here, Leonard!"

She waved, forgetting the green sprig of arbutus in her hand. Lord, she probably looked like Quixote's windmill, flapping in the breeze.

"Oh, Dr. Billington; Doctor! — Sir!"

The tall, dark-haired man resting against the chipped brick of the Delta Psi house was impressive. He stopped talking to the bespectacled figure beside him: he stared a moment at the little group — then gathered with one swift gesture his amorphous guest, and they disappeared down the gravel-lined walk.

"He—he mustn't have heard us, Professor Myron."

The boy was trying to be kind. He might just as well have tipped a box of salt on her cut finger. But they were all trying to be kind. She mumbled a word that wasn't really a word, her hand went to the nondescript bun at the nape of her neck, and she suddenly left the little circle of students.

* * *

"Professor Myron, is that you?" Hilda stood at the bottom of the stairwell in Adam's Hall, her hands buried in the patch pockets of her apron.

"You were so quiet comin' in! Land sakes ma'm, you gotta make more noise if you want to be noticed in this here faculty house. For all I knew, it might have been one of those crazy — what da ya call 'em — fradernizing brothers — after a bathroom sink or some other fool thing!"

"I'm sorry I upset you, Hilda."

"Now, ma'm, I didn't mean you upset—why you don't ever upset, no—", but the housekeeper heard the soft click of her bedroom door.

With her room darkened, the quadrangle at twilight seemed wrapped in mist. It made it all the more lovely — like the picture of Edinburgh on the English postcard — the postcard she had kept, for let's see, twenty years now! She felt strangely reflective — not pleasantly so — as she had so often during these two years at St. James's. This feeling was more like the gnawing sensation that begins deep in the pit of one's stomach and forces one to keep thinking and thinking. That feeling she knew intimately as one knows a burdensome, relative one must live with and bear with. But always there had been reasons for it — before. The body does strange things when it feels rebuffed and unwanted. This she understood. But there was no rhyme or reason for the feelings from the past here. Here, where inspiration and thought changed musty books into living things, where eager boys found idealism in her, where she had found Leonard!

When she was a child, she had cried the day she read *Cinderella*, because she knew that such a thing would never really happen. And, then, after so many years, to find that it could — and had!

She lay back against the starched white sheets, watching the breeze play

with the curtains at her feet. Leonard Billington. Dr. Leonard Billington—if only she had known him—when—at college—in time for the Christmas formal—those silly dances. It was enough to know him now, and from now! Another semester and they'd be really together. Not the wrangling kind of together: not the tiring, uneventful variety of together.

Their's would be the perfect marriage. Identical interests, mutual respect, the right admixture of intellectualism and—she paused as a Jew would before the Ark—love!

Of course he hadn't seen her this afternoon—how adolescent to lose one's control so! But what was wrong? The faculty meeting—why did she keep thinking of the faculty meeting—like an inane tune running through one's head—except that it marked Leonard's first term as head of the department.

And he managed it beautifully! He had planned everything in advance—syllabi, even test suggestions. So efficient, so unlike dear Dr. Potter—he fairly took their breath away. She hardly had had time to propose consideration of the Bennington student-participation system. But there'll be time later for innovations. Isn't it funny—that's just what he had said: "Harriet, dear, there'll be time later for innovations." He should have been a trifle more enthusiastic—but it *was* such a strain.

That remark, that pointless remark of Professor Hurlock's! Why had she ever played those steel-grey eyes on Harriet? Something about a mimosa. Yes—"Did you ever watch the tendrils of mimosa fold about its prey?"—that's what she had said! Now Botany may be her major interest, but this was a faculty meeting of the history department. But sentences don't spring from nowhere. How stupid! It was a perfectly innocuous comment on Leonard's description of the terrarium. He was trying to wind up the meeting—he told her how he would do it. After all, there's certainly no point to aimless discussion after everything's settled. And wasn't it clever to tactfully evade the issue by introducing such trivia.

She had wanted to present the synopsis for her advanced course, though—but he was so insistent.

"Really Harriet, dear: we have so little time. As a matter of fact, knowing you're rather new at this, I worked up a little outline, myself, for that course of yours. Do see what you can do with it."

So busy—yet he had bothered for her!

"Yes, Leonard—it probably will be fine." What else could one say?

She started at the knock on the door. "Miss Myron, will you be eatin' in, tonight?" Hilda's rasping voice had a way of ending reverie.

"Oh, oh-no! I have a dinner engagement with Dr. Billington."

"I see, I see," and Hilda's rasp trailed off in an even more grating chuckle. Hilda was ecstatic over the romance, but wasn't everybody? No time for such morbid daydreaming. Leonard would be there at seven.

* * *

"You're rather quiet this evening, Harriet—darling." The darling stuck her as an afterthought. It was the proverbial straw-yes, she would mention this afternoon.

"Dear", she began, but the blare from the trumpet soloist, the featured attraction at the Cobblestone Inn, drowned her out.

"Rather noisy here, don't you think?"—trumpets didn't bother Leonard.

"Yes, Leonard, I wanted to—"

"Yet, it's a sort of different place: I—I thought you might like to see it."

He clasped her hand. She couldn't mention it now. There was nothing to say right now.

But he broke the silence. "Before I forget, I wanted to ask you just what were you doing this afternoon on the campus with that coterie of would-be intellectuals."

"Oh, *then* you *did* see me—why didn't you answer—"

"Now really, Harriet, you *must* have enough pedagogical training to know it's bad form to answer one question with another." He was trying to be charming.

"Frankly, Leonard, I can't see where that's the least bit relevant!"

"Harriet!"

"Well!"

"I've never heard you speak this way before, Harriet, and I trust I shall not be subject to a repeat performance. If you'll soften your voice, so that Dr. Caldwell at the next table will retract his rather steady stare in our direction, I'll answer your question."

"Well!"

But her show of strength had petered out miserably. She barely breathed her ultimatum, and she felt sick and hot, ashamed and astonished.

Leonard nodded his head — accepting her capitulation.

"I hadn't wanted to speak quite this bluntly — but, you know," he smiled wryly, "you've rather startled me."

He had chipped all the sarcasm from his voice, and instantly, he was the Leonard on the campus as the dawn came up, the Leonard reading "Prometheus" in the bay window of her study.

"This afternoon, I was entertaining a very prominent member of the State Board, a man who — well, a man who can do a great deal for me — if properly impressed."

His voice, his expression — they were incongruous with what he said. Her hands were moist in her lap.

"Go on Leonard!"

"Well, surely you must know what I'm driving at. Darling, darling — don't get upset. Realize it's only because I have such great respect for you, such great pride in you, and in your intellectual ability, that I want always — well, to set you off at your best advantage."

He started to laugh now, and he lost his words in a grin reminiscent of young Ted's.

"Really, Harriet, this afternoon, were you the picture of the wife of a future college president in that dreadful brown suit, with those run-down shoes, and that — what was that thing in your hand?"

He really didn't expect an answer: he was standing behind her chair — in a moment, he held her close against him as they danced.

* * *

Ted walked beside her, shuffling in his oversize loafers. The October wind had made a game of whipping back his maroon and white cardigan — and he vehemently resented the distraction.

"Professor Myron, I just want to tell you that all of us behind this idea really appreciate what you've done for us!"

"Now Ted—"

But he would brook no interruptions.

"It's not often you meet someone — well, a woman anyway — who has such great respect for independent thought, who really and fundamentally believes in individual integrity and initiative." (Why he must have prepared this, she thought!), "and is ready to fight for what she believes in!"

"Why, thank you, Ted" — she smiled affectionately. "But really there's no need to fight, you know. Bennington has inaugurated a system that stands on its own merits!" (She felt it was her turn to orate.) "Our aim at St. James's is to develop just such independent thinkers. There couldn't be a better way than to provide you, while you're learning, with practice in judgment and planning. Besides to be perfectly frank with you, Ted, student-initiated curricula are oftentimes superior to what we rather stuffy creatures can produce!"

"Oh, there's nothing stuffy about you, Professor Myron!" This he uttered with the firm conviction of a fundamentalist.

The chapel chimes announced midday. The color and sound provided such a setting, she couldn't resist yielding to the dramatic.

"I guess there is nothing essentially stuffy about college professors, Ted! Can you see the gray stone of those buildings over there? Superficially, it appears to be crumbling, disintegrating—doesn't it? Really those buildings are vibrant. It's because the spirit they house is living! Well, college professors are like those buildings — rather moss-covered on the outside, but very much alive within."

He was a bit taken back by it all: still she left him with what he called a "good feeling."

They stepped off the grass, over the foot rail, and up the three wide steps to Dr. Dowd's residence and the faculty tea.

"There's something I wanted to ask you, Ted," She turned to take her books. "Why do you feel Dr. Billington will oppose our plan?"

"Well, you know" — he was too sincere to evade the issue. "Well, I think he's not too much in favor of independence — other people's independence." His brown eyes avoided hers.

"In all honesty, Ted, Dr. Billington" — she still felt warm and reassured at his name — "has done nothing but encourage me!"

Oh, why hadn't he kept his big mouth closed? He jammed his hands into his back pockets and stalked across the lawn. Still, her pale blue eyes rested on his back.

* * *

"Who was your little friend, darling?" Leonard's voice filled the room as he took the light tweed jacket from her shoulders.

She didn't want to answer.

"Come now, Harriet, don't be ashamed. We all know you have a certain way with the students."

Was he teasing her: had he become the little boy he had been so many times!

Mrs. Dowd thrust the cup forward like an enemy sends forth a salient. She turned her head quickly and splashed the drops of tea. Had Leonard seen her? Instinctively, she turned her head to see if he were watching.

But Professor Mansfield was speaking to her.

"What was this system she was sponsoring."

"The Bennington!" — "Would it really work?" — "Well, I feel—" Back and forth their voices went like the little ball on a ping pong table.

People were still filling in — but then, Leonard had so many friends! Dr. Dowd's was the final affair: he was the last member of the board to celebrate Leonard's promotion with the traditional tea and watercress.

Leonard stood by the fireplace, his elbow resting on the mantel. He had mentioned the prospective memorial library — in honor of St. James's boys who had fought. The circle about him grew, and the little islands of people scattered about the room were gradually lushed. He had a certain way, well a knack, at any rate, of taking command of the situation. Harriet sat on the fringe, listening.

"Our debt to them is irreparable — there's no denying it —"

Yes, the tall, dark-haired man resting against the white mantel of Dr. Dowd's house was impressive!

How wonderful, how brilliant, how forceful was Leonard: how justly proud she was of him. But over and over, of their own accord, the words formed in her mind — like the little boy with a new suit of clothes who repeats and repeats, "This is just what I wanted for Christmas!"

The topic of conversation changed: he was speaking, now, facetiously, of the outstanding traits, real and imagined, of his department members. This was the standard tea banter.

Eventually his eyes sought her out. As if he had pressed a push button, the twenty some pairs of eyes turned upon her. She winced and perspired like a criminal beneath the glare of the police light. Leonard would be displeased. Oh, God, didn't she have the poise of a gangling student!

"And last but not least, we have Professor Myron!" He was master of ceremonies presenting his star. "I shan't jest about this particular member of my staff — for reasons — well, for reasons that I'm sure you all know." He smiled easily, naturally.

"But I will say, in all earnestness, that rarely is a faculty gifted with one, so young as Harriet, who merits such academic respect. I wager there are few amongst us who can boast of three major publications, not only technically meritorious, but publicly well-received!"

For one brief moment she felt he might raise his teacup in a toast to her. But there was just this one brief moment of comic relief.

It was mid-afternoon as they walked back from Mr. Dowd's along the flagstone walk to Adam's Hall—Leonard didn't approve of crossing the campus. The spotted leaves had begun to fall in places and they zig-zagged in front of her like tracer bullets. Such a glorious day and she was depressed! That image from *Alice in Wonderland*—what a strange thought! Alice in the teacups, the shrunken Alice in the teacup—no, Alice in a showcase with a mighty hare's elbow resting on the top of his property.

Leonard's arm rested lightly about her waist. "It was chilly," he had said. She could have slapped herself for the unjustified analogy: it was her own inadequacy that made her suffer so, and to transfer the guilt to Leonard: there had never been anyone who had loved her as Leonard did.

"Leonard, dear"—he was standing close to her and she could feel his breath upon her face—it made it easier for her to say.

"I want to thank you for your flattery, this afternoon."

"Oh, it wasn't flattery, darling. I do believe that eventually you will become the—shall we say—model of female professorhood."

He smiled the easy, natural smile. Stop it, stop it, Harriet! She strove to control herself. Something's very wrong. Lately, every word he's said, every gesture he's made, you've turned and twisted. Can't you leave well enough alone?

He loves you! Dr. Billington loves you!

"This brings up something I've wanted to mention before." He stood as he sometimes did before his classes—with his head slightly to one side; he looked nervous, reflective.

"I've heard rumors—I suppose college walls grow grape, not ivy vines—", he *was* charming!—"well, rumors to the effect that your mode of classroom procedure smacks of the ultra-modern. Not that I claim to be ultra-conservative; I only feel, Harriet, that a professor possesses a dignity; that his students don't approach his level, and shouldn't be treated as if they did."

"But Leonard—"

"It's only a slight flaw, Harriet—don't let it bother you: just do what you can to correct it!"

"Leonard"—she finally had his attention—"don't you realize that a cooperative and democratic atmosphere is essential to the Bennington system."

His face was a blank.

"The system I'm sponsoring, Leonard: we've talked about it all summer—surely, you remember. At tomorrow's faculty meeting, I'm going to bring the question to a vote. You are, or at least you've given the impression, that you're in favor of it?"

But he was young Ted again. Like a schoolboy, he rushed her up the single flight to the house porch. "Harriet, Harriet—don't be so perturbed—you frighten me! Any idea of yours, I'm in favor of, you know that."

He kissed her fondly and spun her around to face the door.

"Goodnight, darling!"

It was as if her father had dismissed her from the room of grown-ups, and sent her up to bed!"

* * *

The dining room of Adam's Hall was already crowded when she came down to breakfast.

"You're late, Miss Myron: that's not like you!" Hilda placed the grapefruit juice on her plate. Directly across from her place, next to Dr. Hurlock, was the window.

"There might be a storm coming up." The woman at her right had followed Harriet's gaze.

"Yes, there might"—it was automatic; but then deliberately she said, "It looks as if it were trying to make up its mind!"

And Dr. Hurlock's steel-grey eyes followed her again. "This weather," she said, "is decision weather."

Harriet put down the glass — did this woman ever say anything revelant?
* * *

A few scattered drops of rain had fallen by the time she reached Farragut Hall. All day the clouds had hung nervously in the sky: their promise of an outburst had not been fulfilled. She did wish it would rain, or forget about it — it really ought to make up its mind.

She was early for the board meeting. Leonard heard the outside door slam and stepped out of the conference room.

"Why Harriet, what a pleasant surprise! So glad you're early. We can have a little talk before the others arrive."

Harriet walked to the window, and he opened it for her.

"Stuffy in here, isn't it?"

It was just that the air was heavy, she thought, heavy with expectation. But it was growing very dark over beyond the old gray buildings. Perhaps, there would be a storm after all.

"Harriet" — he was really disturbed — "I want you to do something for me."

"A favor, Leonard?"

"Yes. A little later on, I shall explain to you my reasons for asking it, but for the time being — for this afternoon, anyway — I would ask you not to mention — in any connection — the Bennington System!"

Why did it shock her so: hadn't she expected it, been waiting for it? Leave the office — that's what she would do — leave the office, walk down the stairs, cross the campus to Adam's Hall, pack her things — and go! But where — every train must stop, every journey ends. She had just left the train, it seemed, an infinite number of trains. Hadn't she yet reached the terminal? It had been good to believe that she had. The air was heavy, heavy with expectation. Dr. Hurlock was right after all — it *was* decision weather!

"Harriet?" His voice was questioning.

He opened his arms to circle her waist: but then drew them back.

"Yes — Yes, Leonard, anything you say." But she turned her back to him. She couldn't go to him just yet.
* * *

There had been a few more scattered drops during the meeting, but walking back along the flagstone path at twilight, she realized there would be no storm. She turned the corner, leading to Adam's Hall, but Ted had run up beside her.

"What's the matter, Professor" — he had to catch his breath — "didn't you hear me call? I want to ask you about —"

"But Ted, there's something I want to tell you. I made a mistake the other day — about the gray stone. It is really crumbling, you know!"

"What the hell?" — he was dumbfounded. "Yeah, yeah, maybe it is at that. Gee! I gotta run — just remembered — see you later, huh?" And he disappeared down the gravel lined walk.

Absently, she stepped over the rail by the side of the walk — impulsively, she broke off a green sprig of arbutus. It was a beautiful thing, the arbutus, fragrant and vibrant — but suddenly she dropped it!

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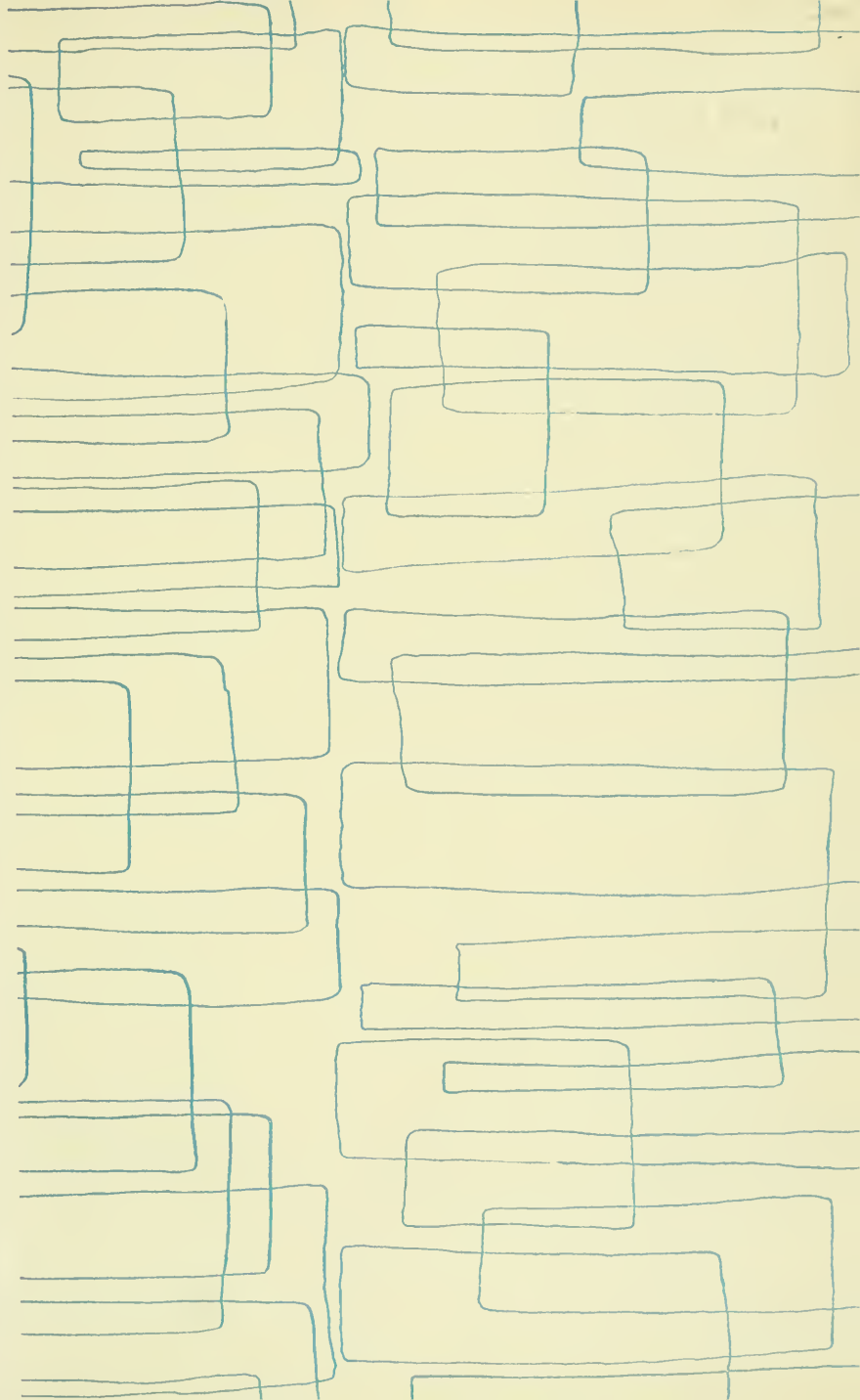
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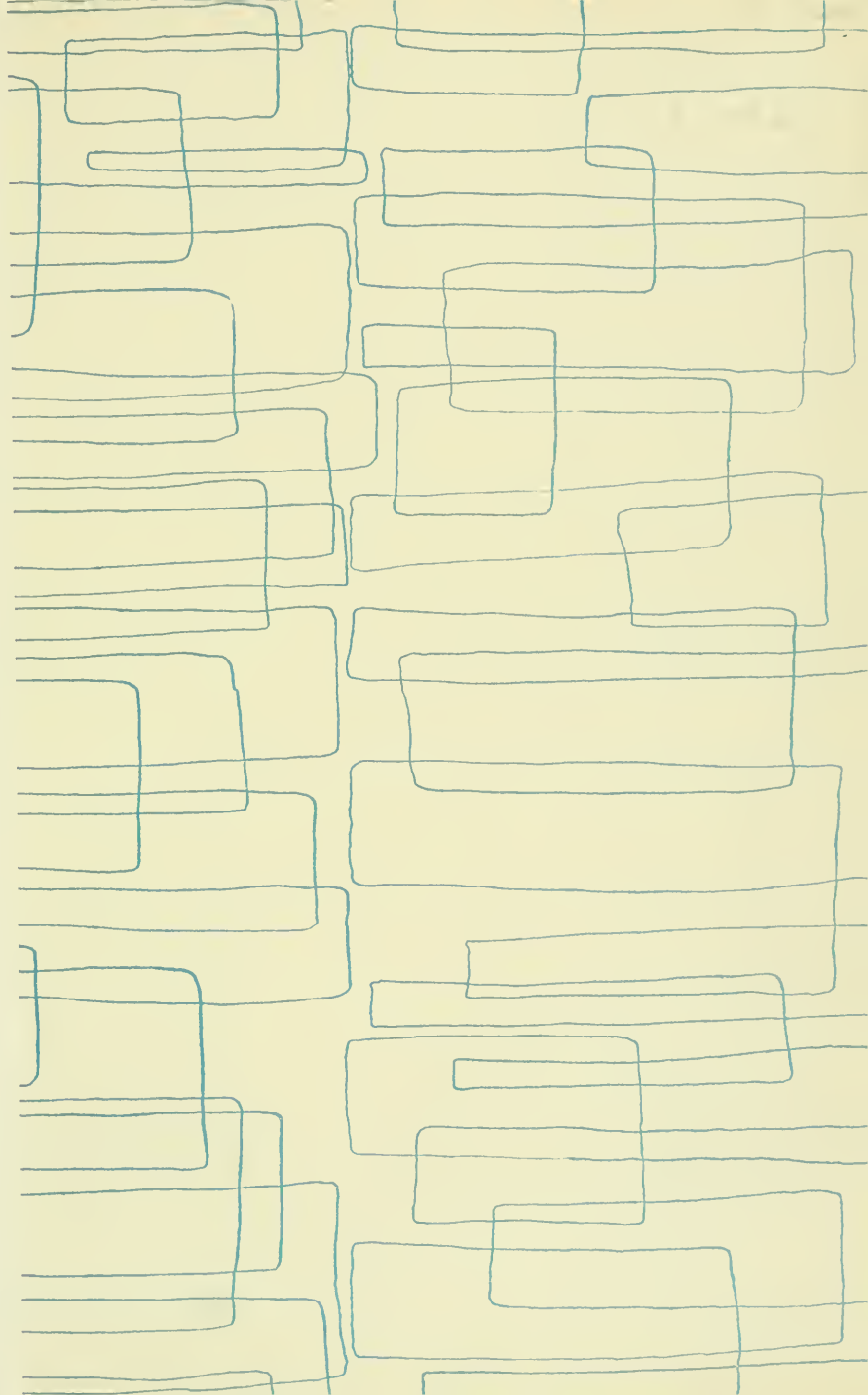
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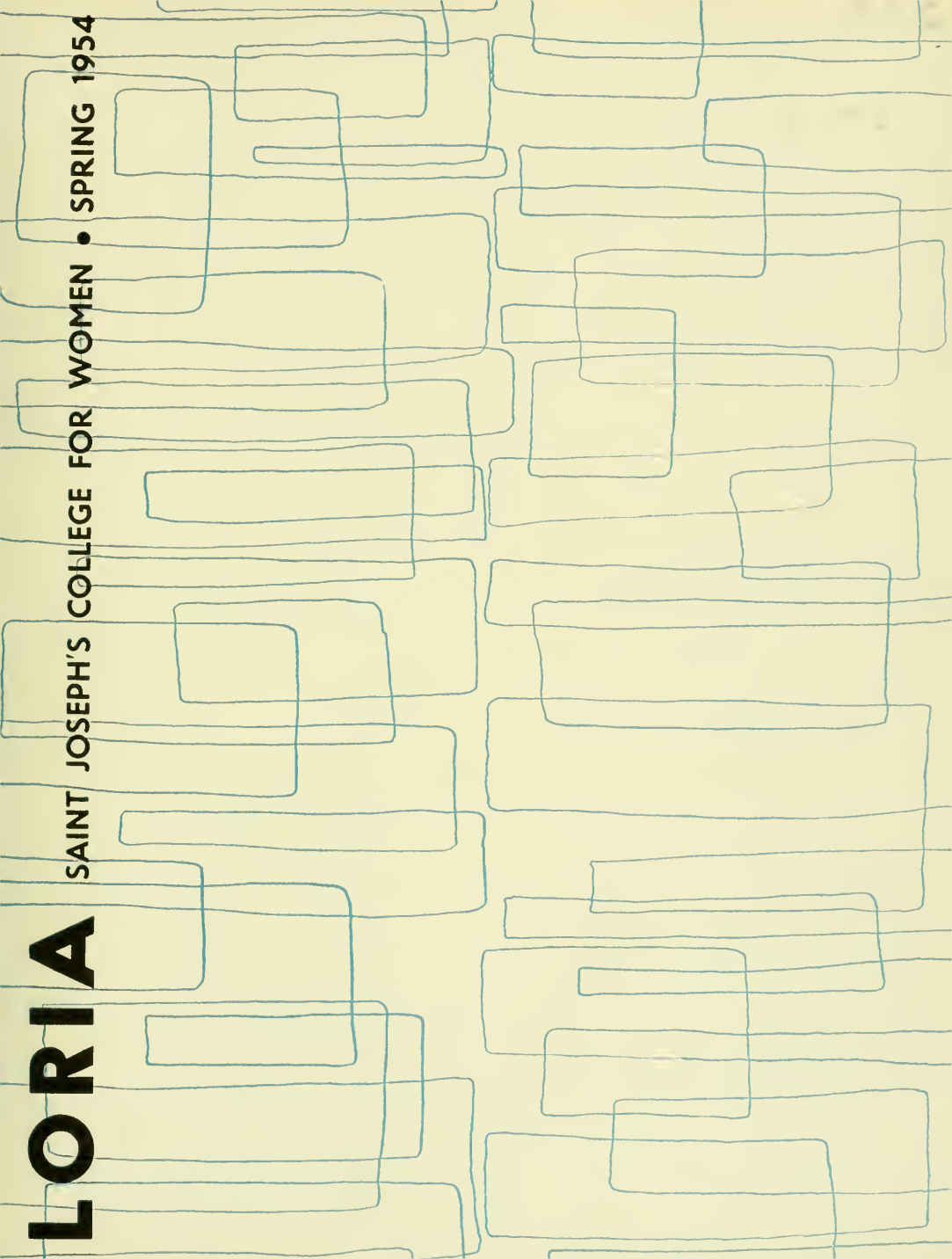
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JUNE IS FOR BRIDES

FLORENCE PYNE '55

"Well! I never thought I'd live to see Nora Moran married!" said Mrs. Cuido as she settled into the pew.

"It's almost a miracle," replied her daughter, "I always figured her as an old maid, and now she's marrying one of the cutest boys in the neighborhood."

"Shush! Here comes her mother. I'll bet she never expected to see this day either."

As Katy Moran walked down the aisle between the two ushers she overheard them. "No," she thought, "I never thought I'd see this day." She remembered back to the day nine years ago when her world had come crashing down about her ears.

Nora, who was ten then, had gone roller skating after school. Katy was proud of how well she skated, and proud of how pretty she looked as she flew down the street. She liked to sit by the window darning socks and watch Nora as she played.

"A few years now and she'll be getting married," she thought, "I wonder who to? Not a girl on the block can come near her in looks, not that scrawny Maria Cuido, that's sure. Let's see, now, in four years she'll be out of grammar school, then two years of high school and she can start work, she should be married by the time she's eighteen." All this education for a girl seemed silly to Katy who had quit school in 7B and married at sixteen.

Nora was putting on a show for the others by skating backwards, so she didn't see the car that was coming around the corner. When the driver saw Nora he slammed on his brakes but it was too late.

The doctors at the hospital told Mrs. Moran that Nora would never walk again, they said she was lucky to be alive, but Mrs. Moran didn't think so.

In two months Nora was home again but now she lay in her room while the other children skated outside. The only thing she had to occupy her time was the lessons that Mrs. Long, the home-bound teacher, brought her. Nora had never bothered much with school but because she was intelligent she could get away with it. Now, with nothing else to do

but study, her marks were so high that Mrs. Long decided to test her intelligence. When she discovered that Nora had an IQ of 135 she made arrangements for her to get home lessons from an academic high school instead of the commercial one she had planned to attend.

Even after Nora had finished grade school and was no longer in her jurisdiction, Mrs. Long continued to visit her, to make out reading lists, and discuss books with her.

A deep bond of affection and respect for each others' opinions grew up between them. Mrs. Long began to feel that Nora was the daughter she had wanted but had never had, and Nora turned to her for the affection she missed from her own mother, because Katy had never quite forgiven her daughter for being a cripple.

Rosalie Long had been deeply in love with her husband and until his death she hadn't felt the need for anyone else, but after he died her life was empty and she began to wish they had had children who would have given them some sort of continuity. She often told Nora how happy and full her married life had been and how necessary the right kind of a husband was in a woman's life.

From her mother, Nora heard stories of an old maid aunt who had been shipped from one set of relatives to another and finally sent to the Old Ladies' Home because she had no children whose duty it would have been to care for her. In almost every story she read she was told of women who wanted nothing out of life but a husband and when the young girls she used to play with visited her, their talk was of nothing but dates and men.

By the time she was seventeen and about to graduate from high school Nora was convinced that marriage was the only vocation for a woman and that since she couldn't ever marry she might as well be dead. Mrs. Long, however, showed her an alternative.

"Nora," she said one day, "why don't you try writing a story."

"I'd never even know how to begin."

"Well you can try. There's a contest in one

of the magazines for a first story and I think you should be able to write a good one."

"What could I write about, I haven't been out of this house in seven years."

"Well then, write about this house."

* * *

One of the books Nora had read was a biography of Anthony Trollope, so she was familiar with his maxim that the only way to write is to sit down and not get up until you have written a specified amount. The first day she wrote two thousand words of unadulterated gush and when she read it over she tore it to pieces. The next day she only wrote two hundred words but she felt that it had some merit. By the fifth day she had finished a story of some four thousand words entitled, "June Is For Brides", about the bitterness of a month full of weddings for a girl who could never marry. When Mrs. Long read it she was horrified at the unhappiness that it showed but she was pleasantly surprised at the skill Nora had with words. She had suggested the story as a kind of occupational therapy but she was sure after she had read it that it would win first prize, and it did.

* * *

Nora told Mrs. Long she was going to put the money towards a college education and she told her mother that she was going to invest it so that she would never be a burden to anyone. She was afraid of jinxing herself if she told anyone the truth, that she was saving for an operation on her back.

She wrote another story before she graduated and a third during the summer, and both were published. She discussed what college to enter with Mrs. Long and how to invest the money with her mother. She secretly made arrangements to enter the hospital. On her eighteenth birthday she told them of her decision to use the money that the three stories had brought on an operation. Since there was no assurance that it would be successful she met with strong opposition from all concerned.

* * *

"Nora, dear," said Mrs. Long, "don't you think it's rather childish to risk your money like this, after all the operation may fail."

"Childish! I think she must be crazy spending all that money when even the doctor says she's only got a fifty fifty chance of ever walking," screamed Katy.

"I will have the operation. I will. I don't want to spend the rest of my life cooped up in a room. Anyway I'm of age now and it's my money." Nora's voice was low, but there was finality in it.

Even at her most optimistic moment Nora had never really expected the success she got. After six months she was walking without a noticeable limp. During this time she didn't write a word but a good many words were written about her. When the papers got wind of such a perfect human interest story they had a field day. It was made to order, a girl who had been called "one of the most promising young writers of the year", who had been crippled for years, whose first story had been about a crippled girl who wanted to get married, and who could now walk again. "When will wedding bells ring for Nora?" they asked. And then just the way it happens in a story, Nora met Johnny.

* * *

It was so romantic, the way they met. Nora had never been to a dance before and naturally she couldn't dance, she sat next to her mother almost all night and watched the others. Johnny saw her sitting there and felt sorry for her so he asked her to dance. When he found out that she lived only two doors away from him he offered to drive her home, and that was how it all began.

* * *

Johnny was old fashioned though, he said he wanted to support his wife, he told Nora that her job was being a wife and mother, not writing silly stories that didn't make sense to him anyway. When Mrs. Long heard this she called him a high grade moron and Nora slapped her in the face. Their friendship ended there but when it was time to write out the list of people who were to be invited to the wedding Nora included her name. After all Mrs. Long was just getting old or else she wouldn't have said such a silly thing.

Katy agreed with her future son-in-law about Nora's writing. She told her daughter that she was being a fool to risk losing her chance for a husband because of it. Finally Nora agreed and the wedding plans went along without another hitch.

* * *

The organist played the wedding march and Nora walked down the aisle, all radiant in white lace.

"Doesn't she make a lovely bride though," whispered Mrs. Cuido, "and I was so sure she'd be an old maid, now she's going to have a happy life after all. Marriage is the only real happiness for a woman, isn't it?"

Her daughter, Maria, with a year old baby at home, another on the way and a husband who drank away half his salary wasn't so sure, but then pregnant women get strange ideas.



Illustrated by Mary F. Schlusser '54

THE BARRIER

*When first I was young
Boldly I put out my hand
Wanting to give and be given to.
With comfort, joy and love my hopes
Buoyant I offered my upturned palm
But no one would grasp it
And hurt I drew it back
Afraid that they would mock my gauche attempt
Each time I grew I tried again
Not knowing they were all as I.*

*Each time with less full thrust—
No one would touch my fingertips.
I tried to show my need with speech
I opened my mouth to form the words of wanting
But no sound came for each heard only self.
And now my silent hand stays hid in me
Clutching a lone constricted heart
For ever lashed with aching hunger.*

*And secluded I cry.
There's no one who can understand
No one who can be understood
Not even one to wipe away my tears.*

ANN FALLERT '55

LAUGHTER'S LAY APOSTLE

JOAN COSTA '57

Laughter, wise engaging laughter, runs from the pen of a young Catholic mother who "considers it a mortal sin to bore people." Delighted readers of *Reproachfully Yours* and, more recently, *The Mouse Hunter*, have cited Mrs. Lucile Hasley as one of the foremost Catholic essayists and proof that contemporary Catholic literature is not devoid of artistry. Mrs. Hasley's impish essays have a way of sneaking up on their readers; their author has a faculty for expressing the depth and beauty of truth in little words.

Mrs. Hasley's essays have an elfin touch; to all appearances she treats important problems lightly. For this reason many of her essays have become material for heated controversies. Lucile Hasley writes, "Nearly everything I produce . . . prompts my readers to leap to their typewriters." An essay entitled, *I Like Priests*, in which she paid tribute to the everyday work done by the average priest, brought a barrage of protest from mothers of nuns; a reciprocal essay concerning nuns brought sharp admonitions for the tone of her work.

Although, at first glance, Mrs. Hasley's work appears to be merely light, merry ramblings, a careful reading will invariably reveal some of the pure truth which characterizes her work. This combination of truth and laughter causes her readers to laugh themselves into a fervor of faith. Her lively laughter makes one conscious of the vitality of Faith and conveys her message to the average reader more effectively than would be possible with a more formal type of writing.

Mrs. Hasley's writing career began during a long illness when she first read various ascetical writers and her reaction was the beginning of a "regular one man Catholic revival." The subjects of her free flowing essays range from her feelings as a convert toward the attitudes of born Catholics, as expressed in *Reproachfully Yours*, to what it's like to be a wife, mother and author simultaneously, as described in *What Price Authorship?*

There has been much recent criticism of contemporary Catholic literature and lamentation over its apparent decline. However, Lucile Hasley represents a contradiction of this opinion. She is an apostle, an apostle of laughter; she is also an author of no meager worth. Beyond this, she is a mother, and three lively children leave little time for hours of wandering or contemplation until inspiration strikes. The activity of her life translates itself into her writing, giving it a vitality that is symbolic of the vitality of her Church. Of course, life is not one merry whirlwind, but until recently scarcely any of Lucile Hasley's writing has been done in a serious vein. However, a number of serious short stories have been included in her most recent book, *The Mouse Hunter*. Although this venture into the serious has proved quite successful the author's niche definitely remains in the realm of humor. The author's ready wit often proves useful in the interracial work which so interests her. She is an active member of interracial discussion groups in the town of South Bend, Indiana where her husband is Professor of English at the University of Notre Dame.

Truth through laughter characterizes Lucile Hasley's work in the Lay Apostolate. Yet, her humor does not lack a literary standard: Lucile Hasley symbolizes the vitality of contemporary Catholic literature.

On November 27, 1953, Eugene O'Neill arrived at the answer to his recurrent question, "Why was I ever born at all?". Death finally came to a man who had explored its paradox throughout his work. Mathematical figures say that he dramatized forty-three deaths in his forty-seven plays. The setting for this final scene was a New England hotel room with an atmosphere similar to that of his many plays. The audience watching pneumonia conclude the tragedy of O'Neill was composed of a doctor, a nurse, and his third wife whom he had recently tried to commit to a mental institution.

America's greatest dramatist, who had explored the depths of tragedy, concluded his own tragedy. O'Neill's life was a succession of tragic acts. In fact, O'Neill as a person actually fits into his own pattern for a tragic character. According to O'Neill's theory of character, man is in conflict with his fate. His characters achieve stature through their efforts to become a part of this force. They struggle to achieve some significance by identifying themselves with this supernatural power which may be anything from a biological past, to fate, to God. This struggle is necessitated by the fact that O'Neill begins with debased figures unlike the classic dramatists who looked to the noble class for tragic heroes. In spite of this attempt to dignify his characters, O'Neill never gives them sufficient proportions to excite terror in the Aristotelian sense. In *Mourning Becomes Electra*, Warren and Lavinia are ennobled from their association with Orestes and Electra and not from their own intrinsic qualities. Pity is the only catharsis achieved since O'Neill's tragedy is that of personal psychology. The tragedy of his heroes is never self caused. Freudian and Calvinistic determinism molds the set of circumstances which engulfs the tragic figures.

The events of O'Neill's life reflect this theory of tragedy. Born into a life of the theatre, O'Neill traveled with his father, James O'Neill, who was famous for his portrayal of the title role in *The Count of Monte Cristo*. O'Neill beginning his search for the meaning of life early, traveled from occupation to occupation. After trying Princeton for a year, he tried prospecting for gold in Honduras. This search for adventure led him to South America and finally to the sea. During these voyages as a mule tender on a cattle ship and later as an able seaman, he obtained material which was developed into such

works as *Ile*, *Anna Christie*, and *Bound East for Cardiff*. Marriage and subsequent divorce befell O'Neill during these first twenty-four years. At the age of twenty-four he had experienced a life of a seaman, a reporter, a prospector, and even a figure of the New York Bowery. Tuberculosis stopped this adventurous quest at the age of twenty-four.

While he was recuperating in a sanatorium, O'Neill decided to write plays. Saturated with Ibsen and Strindberg, he left the sanatorium to attend Professor Baker's 47-Workshop at Harvard. Recognition first came to O'Neill through the Provincetown Players, an amateur group. *Bound East for Cardiff* was produced at the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown in 1916. O'Neill's struggle for recognition continued. In 1920 his work reached the Broadway stage with the production of *Beyond the Horizon*. New York audiences seemed to enjoy these depressing dramas. When O'Neill was questioned as to why he never wrote about happiness, he replied, "Sure, I'll write about happiness if I can happen to meet up with that luxury, and can find it sufficiently dramatic and in harmony with any deep rhythm in life. . . . It is merely present day judgment to think of tragedy as unhappy." To O'Neill tragedy was the only aspect of life which possessed significance.

O'Neill tried to find happiness, but he found only tragedy. He was married three times and was divorced twice. His third wife, who attended his deathbed, was an actress, Carlotta Monterey, a player in *The Hairy Ape*. O'Neill quarrelled with her frequently until finally he attempted to have her committed to a mental institution. Even the children of his marriages brought him tragedy instead of happiness. Eugene, Jr., the oldest son, committed suicide. An intelligent scholar, he was supposed to have despaired over an unhappy love affair. Dope addiction befell Shane, another son. He had to spend



Illustrated by Rita McCann '55

time in a Federal narcotics clinic. When Oona, his daughter, became Charlie Chaplin's fourth wife, a permanent separation ensued, between the playwright and his daughter.

Such a set of circumstances would be more than sufficient to cause the tragic downfall of even O'Neill's heroes. O'Neill himself is a victim of circumstances as are his tragic heroes. He tried to obtain significance in the same manner in which his characters tried. He tried to gain importance in various ways such as mining for gold or traveling the sea. Finally he found his position in life in the field of drama. The great force for O'Neill became literary success. He attempted to portray man's struggle through the medium of the drama.

In the field of playwriting O'Neill achieved stature. Three of his works, *Beyond the Horizon*, *Anna Christie*, and *Strange Interlude* received Pulitzer prizes. In 1936 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. John Mason Brown has remarked that, "... he has given the American stage a dignity, an honesty, an importance, and a glory which it had not possessed before." His place as the greatest American dramatist is incontestable.

O'Neill has explored drama to its depth, and he has also experimented in the field of technique. In the *Emperor Jones* he uses a tomtom to give the effect of a tortured mind. He turned to expressionism in *The Hairy Ape* and used it successfully. *The Great God Brown* incorporated the Greek technique of masks. O'Neill ventured to sustain audience interest for nine acts and four hours in 1928 when he wrote *Strange Interlude*. This psychoanalytic portrayal of a possessive woman

used asides to present the thoughts of characters. Several critics have called *Mourning Becomes Electra* his masterpiece. In this work he interpreted a classic theme in terms of modern thought. These plays combine to give O'Neill the indisputable position as America's greatest playwright and to give him his stature as a tragic figure.

The ultimate tragedy of O'Neill came when he was afflicted with a muscular disorder. Because of this condition he was unable to write. His intended cycle of dramas was to present American life through the progressive revelations of a family was never completed. At this point in his life O'Neill could turn only to the same solution which he had enforced upon his characters—resignation. Fate had decreed him a doomed man. To himself O'Neill thought that he had failed to attain stature because he was unable to complete his great cyclic drama. However, to the world, he had attained more than sufficient proportions. O'Neill's tragic life is the life of a great man. Perhaps his work, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, which may not be produced until 1978, will reveal the thoughts of his last days.

O'Neill has left the life in which he had struggled and which he had loved. He has certainly left his impression on American life as a dramatist and is a tragic hero. Sinclair Lewis has commented on O'Neill that, "... he has seen life as not to be neatly arranged in the study of a scholar but as a terrifying, magnificent, and often quite horrible thing akin to the tornado, the earthquake and the devastating fire." A man who has created magnificent tragic heroes, he was ultimately his greatest tragic hero.

INUTILITY

*The tortuous paths of longing
Induced what was almost a pain in me
But I could not still my yearning.
When in sight of my desire
It leapt far beyond my reach,
Then in a final burst of strength —
I attacked
And when I sifted my pelf
I found that I had —
Nothing.*

SUZANNE TODD '55

If you've ever been to a small place like where we live, you'll know what I mean when I say that mostly the only excitement we ever have is what we make ourselves. Of course, sometimes some big, exciting thing happens and then that's all we talk about for months. It's usually not a happy thing. It's like when Jenny Halen's young daughter run off with that fellow from down Syracuse and him with a wife and kids. Or like what happened last Friday night. Yeah, that was really something. It all started in fun too. Like I said, we gotta make our own fun. Don't no one else go out and do it for us. Seems queer though the way it turned out Friday night. It all started out in fun but it sure did turn out different.

We were riding along in the car when Jack told me about his idea. It sounded great. It was so good that I don't see why I didn't think of it myself. Jack always gets these ideas fast though. Me, I'm a little more slow at it. We were on our way to pick up a few of the boys when the news came over the radio. We needed Tom and his brother to sort of round out the party—we usually have a little get together up to Keene's on a Friday night. We had to go out of our way to pick up these Martain fellows so that's how we got to hear the late news. We were plenty surprised, Jack and me, when we heard the announcer say what he did. It don't often happen that any of them fellows get out of Ossning alive without the consent of the management but that's just what happened. Some fellow flew the coop at about five o'clock that very afternoon. After we heard about it we got to wondering. You know our town's not too far away from the prison and it kind of gets a guy to know that there's some crazy criminal wandering around the countryside ready to do anything to stay free. It's not too hard to figure out that he'd be dangerous—what with being penned up like some wild animal for a couple of years and him wanting only to be free.

Well anyway, like I was saying, Jack and me, we just thought it over for a while and didn't say much. Jack though, he don't keep quiet for too long and it wasn't long before he started to laugh. I didn't know what the hell he was laughing at so I asked him. He never would've told me otherwise. That's the way Jack is. He would've had a good laugh and never told me a thing. So I asked him what the joke was and when he told me I thought it was kinda funny myself.

You see, Jack works down to the railroad station and so he knows all about the comings and goings of the folks around these parts. He told me about this fellow who got off the noon train looking for some work. Jack now, he sent him up to the Sanitorium. It seems that old Mike, the night watchman, got took sick the other day—found him in the old shack where he goes to warm his bones when it's a cold night. No one had took over yet so Jack sent this here fellow up and for all he knew he was still there. So that's how Jack got the idea. I mean, all the troopers out lookin' for that criminal and this fellow bein' a stranger and all—well it was just too good a chance to miss. Scare the fellow half to death and no harm done. We certainly didn't mean no harm. It was just one of those crazy stunts like folks pull all the time.

You know it's kinda funny that those troopers didn't check more. Just took our word for it that's what—never even asked a question. I guess maybe you get scared some when you're settin' out to get back what you think is a criminal and I guess you get half crazy if you wake up in the middle of the night and see a few fellows pointing guns at you. I don't know just exactly what happened after we put in the call. Like Jack says, somebody should've checked. It would've been easy to see it was a joke. Seems like someone got trigger happy when the guy tried to make a break for it. It only took one shot to finish him. Me, I guess I would've run too.

HARBOR SIGHTS

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

The ferry
 slipped out of dock,
Into New York's busy bay
Leaving behind
 a meringue-like foam,
And a spray of salted crystals
As radiant captives to a glorified sun.

I stood there
 bundled stiffly,
As biting winds played darts
Against
 two chapped and reddened cheeks;
And watched some gulls pursue our course,
Effortlessly gliding through the bathing spray.

Buoys rocked
 in distant counterpoint
While close, a barge enveloped by a charcoal smoke,
Cremated
 waste from city slums,
And determined waves brushed up to challenge
The antiquated walls of old Fort Jay,

While people
 looked out from one of the "Queens"—
Once more victor of the narrow straits—
To their spoil,
 the lady on the star-pointed base,
And Manhattan towers again grew dim,
As an indigo sky loomed into view.



Illustrated by Barbara Kennedy '55

THE SECRET

ANN FALLERT '55

It had snowed for a week and still the ominous sky looked as if it would never empty itself. The forest of sturdy trees bent under the white weight which was everywhere. The snow muted the landscape with its frightening blankness, obscuring everything, even the small cabin which almost seemed to be part of the mountainside which tried to shelter it. The only sign of life was the weak light which seeped through the frosted cabin windows. Inside, the dim oil lamp gave scarcely enough light to illumine the fear filled face of the girl who sat crouched in the rough wooden rocker. She gazed fixedly in front of her, seeing nothing, outwardly quiet, inwardly on the verge of panic. She looked down at her swollen figure. She was growing too big to hide it much longer and she was frightened. She clenched her rough hands as the thought of what she had done filled her with loathing. But the fear of her father overcame even this. Maybe he knew already. He must have guessed by this time, he wasn't stupid, certainly not blind. If only she could go away someplace until it was over. After a while, maybe even a few years, she could come back and try to make him understand. He would understand, even forgive her if only he had time to think about it. But there was no time, it was too late. And the snow kept falling.

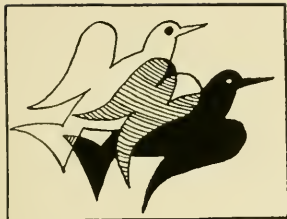
She remembered the scene that she always remembered when she was frightened. It had been snowing then too. It had happened a long time ago but it was still vivid in her mind. There had been a party in town. It was the first real party she had ever gone to and she remembered the red dress her mother had made for her to wear to it. They had been playing some silly, childish games at this party and when her father came to call for her, he saw her kissing a boy. She didn't even remember who it was. Her father hadn't said a word but she could never forget the burning rage that made his face ugly as he looked at her. He had taken her home and he had never said a word to her, he had just dragged her weeping down to the cellar and had beaten her with his belt, beaten her until she was nearly senseless, while her mother sobbed hysterically in the room above. She remembered the pain and she clenched her hands tighter together. There was no one to cry for her now. And the snow kept falling.

The sudden opening of the cabin door shattered her dazed concentration. She shivered as the sharp winter air filled the room. Her father walked in stamping the crusted snow from his heavy boots and dragging behind him two sodden timber wolf hides. The bounty this season was fifteen dollars for each skin. The trapping had been good that day and she hoped that would put him in a good mood. It might be easier for her if she could tell him before he discovered it for himself. He threw his fur lined jacket on the bench and silently sat down at the table. She served him his meal and sat opposite him. She tried to speak but every time she uttered a word he would just look at her. She remembered another, similar look that had been in his face a long time ago, a time when she had worn a red dress. What she had been afraid of had come. She could stand it no longer. Her secret stirred within her and she ran to her room to cry for that which was yet unborn.

Each day was the same. He knew and he said nothing. He would hunt and trap all day and then come home. They would sit at the table and she could not eat. He would stare at her, and each day the bitter rage and hatred grew in his eyes.

As the time drew near he changed. He no longer looked at her. He acted just as if she were not there, as if he were alone in the house. She longed to throw herself at his feet, to ask him to forgive her, to help her, but she could not. She knew he would not even hear her sobs.

The hour came at last. She was sick and alone and she hid in her terror in the cellar. When he came home that night he heard her cries, cries of unaided suffering that beat against the oblivious dirt walls of the damp reeking cellar and rose imploringly to the room above it. He came into the room and sat down quietly in the rocker, his now expressionless face made red by the hot glow of the coal stove. The cries did not lessen. Soon he rose silently and picked up his trapping rope from the rough hewn table. With steady even steps he went down the cellar stairs. In a moment the human cries ceased. And only the dismal whine of the snow laden wind disturbed the heavy winter silence.



TWO MOVING NOVELS

LUCILLE WATERS '56

The racial problems of South Africa have been a source of material for many modern writers. With two moving novels on these same problems, Alan Paton has joined their ranks. To be more accurate, he has not so much joined them, but has stepped forward to lead them.

In *Cry, the Beloved Country*, and *Too Late the Phalarope*, Paton literally chants a lament for South Africa. The first book, which was published in 1948, tells the story of Stephen Kumalo, a Zulu parson from Ixolo, South Africa, who goes to Johannesburg in search of his sister and son. Johannesburg to a person from Ixolo is as New York to a person from Pine Bluff. It is a center of awe; it is the big city. But Johannesburg is even more. It is the scene of tension between white man and black. At any moment an act of violence may be performed, and the tension mounts. It never breaks completely, it is either at a low or high point, but it is always there. The plot of *Cry, the Beloved Country* is simple. After much searching, Kumalo finds both his sister and son, but only after they have been touched by Johannesburg. His sister is a prostitute; his son is a murderer. Headlines of a white man's death scream the tragic news of his son's act to Kumalo.

Obviously the greatness of the book is not in its plot. It is in the style, in the beautiful Zulu idiom of its prose. It is in its consistent tone of hope. The author recognizes that the present bloodshed and heartbreak is not in vain; it will eventually lead to a South Africa that is free from social conflict.

In his more recent publication, *Too Late the Phalarope*, Paton achieves a success that rarely comes to authors. He produces a book that is the equal of its brilliant predecessor. By some it is considered greater. In all events, it is another masterpiece.

Like its predecessor, its keynote is simplicity.

The plot is uninvolved. Pieter van Vliederen, a lieutenant in South Africa, violates Stephanie, a native girl. In doing so he breaks one of South Africa's laws. His own ruin, the disgrace of his family, and his father's death ensue. To the understanding reader, Pieter's story is the story of every man's struggle with evil. He and his reader are one in their battles, their prayers for strength, and their pleas for love and compassion.

Too Late the Phalarope is also a story which highlights the injustices of law. Pieter receives a just punishment for his crime. But consider the law. Is a law that sees black women as possessions of South Africa which are not to be damaged, a just law? Is a law that differentiates between an offense committed against a white woman and an offense committed against a black woman, a just law?

Paton's style is unadorned. It is characterized by an almost Biblical simplicity. Through his narrator, Paton becomes the prophet of doom. He reiterates the oncoming disaster for Pieter, and his warnings are a refrain for almost every chapter. Despite this, he is never fatalistic. Pieter at all times chooses his own course of action. His failure lies in his own weaknesses; he is in no way predestined.

Paton's works reveal the love of a man for his country, its peoples, and its problems. He and his country are one. South Africa's problems are his and he begs the world to understand them and to help overcome them.

MUSINGS ON THE MUSES

ANN FALLERT '55

Music vs. Sound

Certainly the most modern of all modern dancers is the unique Merce Cunningham. This season, as usual, the reaction to his work was hotly controversial. The witty, sophisticated, eccentric dancing of Cunningham and his equally autistic company is always received with either "bravos" or "boos." Some are intrigued but many are simply annoyed. It doesn't seem possible, but his accompaniment is even more unconventional than his dancing. Much of it is made up of music for magnetic tape, a phenomena which is shocking when first heard and almost impossible to describe. I guess it is something which one has to get used to gradually, although I'm sure that no one could really enjoy it, except possibly the composer and of course Merce. These magnetic tapes are an esoteric group of avant-garde experimenters in sound. The principal members of the coterie are Pierre Boulez, Christian Wolff, Edgar Varese, and John Cage, all of whom are looking with misty eyes toward a new age in which the composer would, by means of tape and electronics, communicate directly to the audience without passing through the channel of the performer. After hearing a sample of their rather terrifying creative product it is easy to understand why they prefer the term "organized sound" to "music." It's a very good thing that their "new age," if it ever materializes, is in the far, far distant future.



Man vs. Mountain

Annapurna. Maurice Herzog's fascinating account of the ascent of the first eight-thousander to be climbed by man has been replaced on the fickle best seller list by *The Conquest of Everest*. Everest may be higher and more recent, but nothing could overshadow the tale of the idealism, self-sacrifice, and heroism which the French Himalayan Expedition manifested. Its leader, Herzog, reached the summit and returned to tell of it at the cost of tremendous suffering and crippling amputations. Yet he never once thought of personal gain: "this victory was not just one man's achievement, a matter for personal pride; no, it was a victory for us all, a victory for mankind itself". Despite the fact that it is translated from the French, the prose has power and beauty. Herzog's sincere dedication to his ideal, and his almost spiritual attitude toward the awe inspiring mountains is made evident throughout: "The mountains had bestowed on us their beauties, and we adored them with a child's simplicity and revered them with a monk's veneration of the divine". It is somehow satisfying in the present age to read of one who has fulfilled himself and attained his ideal.



Critics vs. Nutcracker

Tuesday evening, February 2, 1954, marked the premier of the first full length classical ballet ever presented by an American company. The ballet was *The Nutcracker* and the company was the New York City Ballet. Theatrically, the event was a tremendous success. The house was sold out,

a nearly perfect performance of an enchanting fairytale was given, much bravura dancing accented by fabulous costumes and lush scenery was exhibited, and all was wildly acclaimed by the most vociferous audience I have ever seen at the City Center. However, after it was over, it was interesting to note the divergent opinions of the two main Manhattan dance critics. One looked at the ballet itself, as an artistic effort of the company, and gave it the praise that it certainly deserved. The other saw it darkly, in relation to the purpose of the company which produced it. From this point of view, he thought it was a useless return to the outmoded Russian classical tradition whose faults outweighed its charm. He saw it as regression on the part of a group which is admittedly the one to push forward the ideals and determine the direction of contemporary American ballet. Both opinions were quite valid, but it is an excellent example of the way in which the subjective point of view of a particular critic will determine his conclusion, a conclusion which will often be an important factor in deciding the success or failure of a production.



East vs. West

The Teahouse of the August Moon, now firmly established at the Martin Beck Theater, holds the distinction of being one of the few plays on Broadway this season that has received the full approbation of the picayune critics. It is a charming fable of the clash between the apparently irreconcilable oriental and occidental temperaments. Literally, it describes the post war attempt to bring Democracy to the unsuspecting Okinawan village of Tobiki. The conquerors become the conquered however, for the Americans are far more affected by the common sense, unpretentiousness, and wisdom of the natives than the natives are by the pompous impractical army style democracy. By stretching democratic principles to suit their own ways, the ingenious Okinawans end up with a beautiful teahouse rather than the planned for pentagon-shaped schoolhouse. The playwright, John Patrick, has succeeded in injecting many thought provoking ideas about life and man and basic human relationships in his engaging comedy. An example of this can be found in a few lines spoken by the Okinawan interpreter, Sakini. He says:



Okinawans most eager to be educated by conquerors
Not easy to learn
Sometimes painful
But pain makes man think
Thought makes man wise
Wisdom makes life endurable.

Inspiration vs. Perspiration

Many may scoff, but I still think that writers are inspired. I don't refer to a sudden flash of creative illumination from some mysterious external source, but rather an inner suggestion, impulse, compulsion or what have you, which springs from the particular individual's imagination, emotions, ability, and experience. I remember an idea from some unremembered source which concerns this subject. The thought was that inspiration is the upsurge of talent which refuses to be suppressed any longer. This supposition also seems to imply that most writers are creatively lazy. About this I have no doubt.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE STUDENT COMMUNITY

A short while ago, we the LORIA staff prepared an exhibit for the college entitled "Presenting LORIA." Many of you stopped in at the exhibit to see exactly what goes into the making of a magazine. As you perused the display, you saw galleys, proof pages, art materials, cuts, style sheets and other devices used to achieve our creative end—LORIA. Unfortunately, we could not concretize for you the abstract—we were unable to display some of the joy, anguish, crises, and long hours that together with the tangible devices used—to us spell LORIA. We exhibited also for your consideration past issues of our magazine from 1924 to the present and displayed too, the literary magazines of many other colleges.

The staff has read your many comments dropped into the suggestion box and we appreciate them all. They range from laudable, constructive criticisms, to cynical expressions of nihilism for LORIA. Consider with me for a moment the ever perennial question, Why? Why the exhibit? What motivated your LORIA staff to prepare this exhibit for you? "Presenting LORIA", was the fruit of a thought provoking "bull session" which several of the staff members engaged in one afternoon at Murkens. Our conversation progressed illogically from the international scene to existentialism (which we soon exhausted due to a lack of adequate information of the subject matter) and finally to the state of our campus.

Among those points considered were the many innovations within recent months in the college: some, which have been to the benefit of the student body and others to our disadvantage. I speak of the several open houses, concerts etc. held with neighboring colleges, and of several impromptu events in U. A. which denote a certain lack of maturity on our part. Ultimately all these problems were resolved to the idea of what we term the student community, better still the realization of this concept of the student community. There is a certain degree of apathy to college activities here at St. Joseph's but this problem is not unique to our college. The problem is a universal one. We are all aware of the international community of nations, of our individual local communities, but so few of us carry this concept to a further conclusion. True, we are part of, and belong to, the international scene, to the nation, and to a particular town, but as students we are members of still another community—the student community. As members of a local or international community, we have certain responsibilities to our fellow members as well as to ourselves. In college life, therefore, we do have obligations to ourselves, but to our fellow students as well. This applies not only to our campus but to students on other campuses throughout the country and world. Each of us has some one thing she can contribute to another. Each one of us can gain so much from an interchange of ideas with others. We should awaken ourselves to the fact that fellow students at St. Joseph's and elsewhere are thinking along similar lines as we are, with much room for agreement and disagreement. A consideration therefore, of this idea of what is termed the student community with its sense of responsibility to ourselves and to other students, is much food for thought. It is an idea "to be chewed and digested", as Bacon once said of books. Many of the problems, and much of the apathy that is encountered in collegiate circles is the product of a provincialism and lack of acceptance of the concept of being my brother's keeper.

"Presenting LORIA", therefore, was an attempt (subtle, we admit) to launch St. Joseph's College students on to a realization of their student community. LORIA is the product of an interchange of ideas and efforts. It is not the fruit of any one individual. It is the culmination of the efforts of typists, artists, business managers, would-be poets and prose writers. We use LORIA as a medium to express our individual interests and questionable talents! We the staff members sincerely hope that "Presenting LORIA" served to motivate you to a realization of this concept that students need each other. The success of all campus clubs and activities depends on this. The success of intercollegiate events depends on this. The future growth and progress of colleges and the impact of the student community among ourselves and on other communities, is contingent on the active realization that students need and are responsible to each other. Will you take up this challenge?

NETTIE REMENTERIA '54

RETORT TO FRANCIS THOMPSON

*No, dear Thompson,
I'll not walk your crippling path,
But strong, upright, and free
I'll walk to God, then bow.*

*Dearer to me in a thousand ways
Your words of the Hunter's love:
Than have it for my own
To feel or to despair.*

*Fled only, my vain thoughts
That now hear a soft Step
That dares not chase, lest
Like you, I almost lose the quest.*

*Better still, yet less sweet
Is my chosen way to rest:
Fixing on this heart—the wings
Of a wild and lone pursuit.*

VIRGINIA MOSCA '57

- • • prevent us from receiving Communion at Nuptial Masses? There is no Church ruling, no logical explanation, no understandable reason why we cannot receive Our Lord for two newly-married friends. It's up to us if we are sufficiently interested to alert the religious and laity and change this custom. Let's make every Mass a Mass with Communion.

- • • THAT "BARING ONE'S SOUL" is the latest thing to do on a date, and I, for one, go along with the idea. Gone are the days of the "line", false airs and social know-how which girls, and even more, men employ in their attempt to make a good first impression. Honesty is the newest thing. It may be difficult to show yourself as the true "you" but everyone is looking for certain qualities in his life partner and it's easier and less frustrating to find these characteristics immediately than to have to plow through "angelic looks" or "satanic wiles", whatever your technique may be. Don't get me wrong, I'm not advocating a throwing away of manners or an exhibition of our worst behaviour, but it is time that we be ourselves and be ourselves at all times.

- • • THAT IMMORALITY IN FICTION, movies, radio and television is "the thing" today and we've got to follow the trend if we wish to be modern and up-to-date. I heartily disagree! What is immoral is always immoral and no amount of years can change the difference between good and evil. It is our fault that this so-called broadmindedness and maturity exist. We are the public that must be satisfied and if we continue to accept the printed trash which authors and publishers give us, we are accepting the consequences of this immorality. Silence may be golden, but in this instance, it is worth nothing. Catholics must be alert to discriminate between the good and bad and must inform producers and distributors that they will pay for and accept only certain types of entertainment and literature. It is our right to choose only what we want. This important right must be exercised if the flood of immorality in media of entertainment is to be curbed.

- • • THAT THERE ARE SIX BASIC APPETITES in man—hunger, thirst, elimination, sex, change, and rest, but without a doubt, I know which drive is strongest in me. No matter where I am, or what I'm doing, I've got to get my sleep. This drive has no respect for the gaiety of a party, the solemnity of a classroom, or the intimacy of a quiet dinner at home. All I have to do is think of a soft mattress and a fluffy pillow and I seem to stop what I'm doing and head in the direction of the nearest bed. To some this may sound odd, but you fellow sleep-lovers, I'm sure will understand how wonderful it is to sleep—sleep—sleep—zzzz!

Today when such confusion exists as to the role and philosophy of the artist, it is well to look to someone who is considered a genius of long standing by all, and to the forces which motivated him to create.

Michelangelo was the Florentine in whose work the high tide of the Renaissance was reached. The forces that produced the fertile ground in which his art flowered were the crystallization of a Catholic philosophy by Saint Thomas and the rediscovery of Grecian thought by the translation of old manuscripts. This period in Florence was characterized by intense breadth and grandeur of conception and execution. The Masters painted things worthy to be painted. The art was the expression of free men of outstanding personality.

This new sense of the importance of the individual personality was a concept which developed logically from the great stress placed by religion upon individual salvation of the soul. Religion was the generative power of all art. The greatest and most famous paintings of the world, such as Da Vinci's "The Last Supper," and Tintoretto's "The Crucifixion" are usually of Christ, the saints, or subjects of the Bible. The greatest Florentine of them all, Michelangelo, by his life and work constantly glorified God. He was the mature flowering of the school of Florence. His art was the expression of two centuries of experiment, research, discovery, sustained effort, and classical learning. His attitude may be summed up in his words, "Lord grant that I may always desire more than I can accomplish."

Michelangelo Buonarroti was born at Capresse in 1475. He was a self-withdrawn and solitary worker living for art and avoiding the conflicts of society. His contemporary, Vasari, says that he loved his pupils and that he communicated his knowledge to his friends and those who sought advice. Chaste and scornful of the flesh, he embraced all flesh in the apprehension of his intelligence. "His virginity made fruitful the dead womb of Italy." He was too well aware of his ignorance not to be religious. He was always a good Christian, but his proud Christianity was not that of the rest of the world, and he was never understood by his own time.

Michelangelo believed that the nude and art were synonymous and that the body was the most significant object in the human world. He studied the body diligently and this knowledge of science ever served him. He had a horror of sentimentality and said, "True painting never will make anyone shed a tear." He believed himself to be more religious in creating beautiful, harmonious bodies than in searching for psychological or moral expression.

This attitude towards art is very different from that of the modern artist. For Michelangelo, the questions of the motivating force and the final end of all human endeavour were answered by religion. The good and the true were known: he had only to create the beautiful. The modern artist, confused and confronted with a thousand divergent philosophies, must devote a portion of his energies to resisting them and seeking a secure vantage point. For Michelangelo the energies of his era united to his own, and both sweep irresistibly on.

In the Sistine Chapel this fusion of energies can be seen. It is considered by most his greatest work. Although he did not wish to undertake this stupendous work, he finally began the task at the request of Pope Julius II. He did not consider himself a painter and proved his point by signing himself Michelangelo. Sculptor. Ironically it has happened that this work has made him most famous. He painted standing on a scaffolding, his head crooked back, and his face splattered with wet plaster. His vision became virtually fixed in this position so that he could not even read a book unless he held it above him. After many disagreements with the Pope, and sick and miserable with physical agonies, he left the final touches undone.

As all things which are great and good, the Sistine Chapel had been accomplished with much hardship. This hardship was worthwhile in the creation of something beautiful. Craven says, "I find in the Sistine Chapel decorations

the most glorious draughts of creative joy an artist has ever breathed into creatures." The Sistine figures move us today because of their living reality and their visions of eternity.

The figures of the Sistine Chapel conform with our idea of a great soul inhabiting a beautiful body. These are the creation of a type of man best fitted to subdue and control the earth. "The Sistine Chapel is a mighty architectural organism filled with its own forces and peopled by an ideal race . . . suspended over the chapel in defiance of the laws of gravity." Just as faith without works is dead, so is a body without a soul. The figures of Michelangelo still live, because he communicated to his figures some of his spirit and seemingly breathed into them a soul.

On the Sistine Chapel ceiling, the serpent whose coils twine around the solitary tree is at the same time the temptation which binds men and women. Michelangelo seized upon painting to express moral tragedy. He commanded the sense of form so well that he had only to use it as a weapon to obey the mind. Elie Faure says of Michelangelo, "When he touches the supreme symbol, when he feels himself upon the brink of the final abstraction, when he approaches God, he is seized with terror at the idea of his solitude, he makes a desperate effort, and realizing in a flash the highest equilibrium, he violently forces form into the void of which he has just caught a glimpse."

Michelangelo was truly the embodiment of Mencken's statement, "Nothing can come out of the artist that is not in the man."

ASCENT

*The path . . .
Which He once trod
Bearing the greatest
Burden of all time
Where He stumbled
And fell and rose
And began anew.*

*The path . . .
Where a Mother
Beheld a bleeding
Anguished, silent Son
Where crowds jeered
And spat — unaware
Of their Redemption.*

*The path . . .
Where a woman
Was rewarded well
For her compassion
Where a thorny crown
Pierced the head of Him
The King of Kings.*

*The path . . .
The bloody rocky
Tear-stained path
To Salvation.*

ANNE BUCKLEY '57

LEGION vs. LIBERAL

MARY E. SHEA '55

College students are generally identified by both their radical and reactionary ideas, by their strong sense of independence and by the suspicion they cast upon all forms of authority. It is not so much that they rebel against authority—rather, they want to know what right anyone has to tell them what to do. A rational investigation is made of the Church, the state — indeed, of everything. And if the collegians are satisfied intellectually that any particular authority is necessary and justified, they are usually willing to surrender a little of their “freedom”.

One of the so-called authoritarian institutions that is currently under attack is the Legion of Decency. It has become quite the thing for “liberal” Catholic collegians to stay seated when the parish priest requests the faithful to stand and take the Legion’s pledge. It has also become customary for them to scoff and laugh and mock whenever the Legion’s name is mentioned.

Certainly no one will deny that everyone is entitled to an opinion, but it is the purpose of this article to find out how far we are entitled to go with an opinion, i.e. where does duty end and opinion begin? In other words, we shall throw the rational spotlight on the Legion and see what happens!

Before discussing the Legion, however, it is necessary to consider our general moral obligations with respect to entertainment. It is a fact that we are obliged to form a right conscience with respect to everything—and this, of course, includes our entertainment. We are forbidden (i.e. it is *sinful*) to put ourselves into occasions of sin. Consequently, before we read a book, go to a play, or see a movie we should have reasonable assurance that, at least for ourselves, the particular diversion is harmless.

Whether the harm to be gotten from any entertainment be a mere possibility, a probability or a foreseen development depends upon the *objective* nature of the entertainment as well as the *subjective* susceptibility of the individual.

Regarding the objective element, we must acknowledge that in every creative work we see human beings in action or we see them reacting to certain influences. But human acts can never be considered apart from morality. The deliberate act of man is either good or bad. In addition, every story presents *ideals* of human conduct. If these be true ideals, we

have entertainment which ennobles; if they be false, we have entertainment which degrades.

Regarding the subjective element, it is sufficient to note that individuals vary in susceptibility. It is conceivable that the same book an adult finds profitable a teen-ager might find scandalous. This susceptibility depends upon age, intelligence, maturity, past experience, moral fortification, the state of conscience and countless other factors.

So even before considering motion pictures or the Legion of Decency, we can state the following general principles: (1) we must develop a right conscience and avoid occasions of sin; (2) there is a subjective and an objective element in judging the morality of every story; (3) freedom does have limits; (4) the Church has the right (indeed the duty) to guide the faithful on matters of everyday life that might have a possible influence on morals. Now, after laying the necessary moral groundwork, we can proceed to the problem at hand.

It has been frequently asserted that there is more of a need for censorship in films than in any other means of entertainment. This assertion is based on two big factors. First of all, we know that the stage and books reach many thousands each year. But this number is insignificant when compared to the millions of moviegoers. Secondly, the drama and books appeal, for the most part, to the mature and the educated, i.e. to those whose moral convictions are, in a measure, fixed. But the films reach all ages, all classes, all intelligences, all degrees of susceptibility. This is due to the relative cheapness and accessibility of the movie houses. Especially do films reach the young who naturally are eager for experience, either personal or vicarious, and whose moral standards may be easily raised or lowered. So as a result of these significant factors, it is necessary that some control be exercised over the movies. The Hollywood producers, themselves, have recognized the need and have a Production Code, adopted in 1930, which keeps them within limits.

But it was a failure to keep this code that necessitated the origin of the Legion of Decency in 1934. It was agreed to present to the faithful a pledge to be voluntarily taken by those wishing to conform with the endeavors of the hierarchy to prevent the showing of

obscene pictures. In November, 1935, it was decided to form an Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, with N. Y., the center of distribution, as national headquarters. An office is maintained at 485 Madison Avenue, N. Y., and a list of pictures, available to the press, is issued weekly. The well known classifications are as follows:

Class A—Section 1: Unobjectionable for General Patronage.

Section 2: Unobjectionable for Adults.

Class B—Unobjectionable in Part.

Class C—Condemned.

The reviewing personnel of the Legion consists almost entirely of clergymen. The only lay name made public is that of the head of the reviewers, Mrs. James F. Loomam, the chairman of the Motion Picture Dept. of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. Just as an example of the Legion's activity, we can look at the record available for the year October '51 to October '52 during which time the Legion reviewed 446 feature films—182 of which were rated A-1 (41% of the whole); 172 as A-2 (39% of the whole); 78 as B (17% of the whole) and 14 were condemned—(3% of the whole).

Now that we have considered a sufficient number of facts, let us look at the arguments the opposers to the Legion offer and see how the advocates answer them. The first objection is that the censors aren't infallible—they could be wrong. The advocates answer that while the appointed censors aren't infallible in the judgment, it can be reasonably presumed that their judgments are dependable. In addition, the reason for every B classification is publicized, so the individual can check the validity of the decision. Another objection is that the censors judge solely on moral grounds with the result that an inartistic film may get an A-1 rating. The answer to this is that the sole function of the Legion is precisely to judge films morally: it is not concerned with artistry and leaves that up to the movie critics. The fact that a film gets an A-1 rating should not convey the impression that it is a good film both morally and artistically.

A third argument is that the Legion is the voice of a minority, the Roman Catholics, and hence it has no right to impose its restrictions on the majority. The Legion advocates answer by referring to the fact that the Legion became powerful in cleaning up films because it was composed of a large number of *moviegoers*—the fact that these may or may not have been Catholics is incidental. The "minority" was big enough to make the difference of profit or loss at the

box office. If the Legion's supporters were really an insignificant few, the film industry would have laughed it off and ignored it completely. The advocates further point out that although the Legion is a Catholic organization in administration, it is backed by many Protestants and Jews who are anxious to preserve traditional morality. The advocates also remind the critics that the natural law obliges everyone—not just a minority.

The fourth argument against the Legion is that it prohibits films from portraying crime, evil and sin—all of which form the basis of many good stories. The advocates reply that the Legion has never forbidden artists to touch upon the story of Man's fraility. Sinful acts are legitimate material for the screen—but such conduct must not be condoned: evil must be presented as evil and good as good; also, evil, even if condemned, must not be presented alluringly. The advocates remind us that the Legion is not so much concerned about the materials selected for a story as about the *moral* treatment of these materials.

The fifth argument, and undoubtedly the strongest weapon of the enemies, is the one that says the Legion encourages a false picture of life. Since in reality, some observe the laws of morality while others do not observe them, forbidding presentation on the screen what the Ten Commandments forbid is representing a world which does not exist. Imperfection and sin are part of the truth of the world; to wish that the motion picture ignore this in its presentation of life is to condemn it as being false. Further, they argue, "If the motion picture encourages a view of the world where evil does not exist, where sinners are always punished, where problems are always resolved with ease in a moral sense, the individual will find himself helpless before the reality of evil, before injustice and the difficulty of choosing goodness".

Now, here, the advocates obviously have trouble defending themselves because everything the enemies have said is true. It can't be denied that the Legion wants evil to be presented as evil, and not as good—even though many people do believe evil to be good. Since it is true that the Legion encourages a false picture of life, the advocates can only hope to *justify* this distortion of reality. They do this by first of all reminding us that the triumph of virtue or vice is seldom the basic plot of a movie. It is only involved by implication, for if it were always the main point at issue, we would certainly have dull screen fare. As one clergyman has pointed

out, our only interest in pictures would be the sporting one. "Who wins at the Bijou this week, the sinner or the saint?". So, the first defense offered by the advocates is that this distortion is not so obvious or important as the enemies try to make it. Their next rejoinder is that distortion of life, i.e. by exaggeration of a moral, is necessary for the moral safety of the *average* moviegoer. An intelligent mature adult would at least have some chance of realizing that there is another side to a picture which depicts evil as good. But an impressionable teenager (even most adults) would not be able to put this evil in its proper place, would not be able to correct the author's error by applying a positive moral principle. Consequently, it is necessary for the Legion to do it for them—and the only effective method is distortion of the truth. The end (protection of morals) seems to justify the means (presentation of a "false" picture of life).

Returning now to our "liberal" collegian, it will be interesting to see his reaction to the above discussion. In all probability, he will see the validity of the Legion's goal (i.e. safeguarding the morals of the *average* moviegoer). His objection will be most likely that he is not the *average* moviegoer who needs constant direction—he is a member of the intelligent, mature group: he has already formed a right conscience and is able to judge reasonably what will be for him an occasion of sin. He doesn't need the Legion to judge for him.

Well, assuming that there are some educated Catholics who are considerably above the average (a valid assumption) and assuming that the "liberal" collegian is a member of this group (an assumption which is his private responsibility), it will be necessary to find out what their attitude should be towards the Legion. It is a significant fact that in the encyclical letter, *Vigilanti Cura*, on motion pictures, Pope Pius XI commended the Legion with the following words: "It has been highly pleasing to Us to learn of the fruits already gathered and of the progress being made by the Legion of Decency."

Since Catholics are obliged to give encyclicals positive assent, it would not seem to be too respectful for a Catholic collegian (no matter how liberal) to speak disparagingly of an organization which His Holiness has not only recognized but also praised. Neither would it seem to be justifiable for the collegian to lower the prestige of the Legion in the eyes of those who should respect it and follow its advice.

The Catholic intelligentia (if they are really intelligent) will probably agree with

the above reasoning, but they may still be opposed to the taking of the Legion's pledge: for this, they argue, is a decided curtailment of their freedom. But exactly how binding is this pledge? Most theologians agree with the following opinion:

"The pledge is a promise and its binding force comes from the virtue of fidelity. Of itself, a promise of this kind does not bind under pain of serious sin. This does not mean that serious sin cannot be committed by breaking the pledge, but the seriousness will come not precisely from breaking the pledge but from freely exposing oneself to the danger of falling into great sin".

The pledge, then, imposes no new obligation: it is merely an *explicit* statement of the obligation which ever obtains, to avoid the occasion of sin. And since the occasion of sin for any one person depends upon his own conscience, why should a Catholic *object* to taking the pledge? But the liberal then has the right to inquire why he *should* take the pledge?

The only answer to this is that even though the intelligent Catholic is not *as* dependent upon the Legion as the *average* Catholic, even he will never be completely above advice. It is true that he is better able to judge whether or not to follow the advice, but that is never an excuse for completely ignoring the advice—advice which, in this case, the Pope has recommended. It is also necessary for the Catholic intelligentia to remember that although they don't really need the Legion, the Legion needs them and their support. Educated, mature Catholics can help to improve the workings of the Legion, as well as its reputation with the *average* moviegoers. Among other things, the Legion needs to develop more prudence in calling a picture objectionable, for if used too frequently, this label will lose its effectiveness. The Legion also needs to enjoy the confidence of the public by intelligent, objective and disinterested criticism of films. These and other faults, the educated Catholic can help to correct.

The entire case of Legion vs. Liberal was neatly summed up in the following quote from *Commonweal*:

"To achieve a climate wherein the critics and the guardians can work together for the creation of a more intellectually and morally mature motion picture art is a difficult task because the feeling between them is deep and sometimes bitter. But it is an important task and one from which Catholics should not be absent."

This should be an intriguing challenge for the liberal.

HUMAN FAILURE

PEGGY KRUSE '55

As most November evenings, this one was cold and dreary. It was different though in one respect. It was the Eve of Thanksgiving and throughout the whole country people were hurrying to prepare for the next day's festivities.

The big Railroad terminal was teeming with all kinds of people. Some were going home to their families after a hard day's work; others, carrying suitcases, were rushing to spend the long weekend with relatives and friends. All of them emanated an air of joyful expectancy as they settled in the big trains which were waiting to take them to their destinations.

Jim Peters stood outside of the 6:12 express. He puffed slowly at his soggy cigar and surveyed his excited passengers indifferently. Jim was the motorman for the big express. He could remember the first time he had acted as motorman and how nervous he had been. He was a young man then, but now—Jim hastily cut off his reminiscing and pulled his new watch out of his vest pocket. The hands pointed to ten after six. It was a gift, this timepiece, given to Jim by the Railroad at his thirtieth anniversary dinner just a week before.

As the motorman climbed up into the engineer's cab, he stomped out the remains of the cigar and happily remembered how the boys had sung "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" after the dinner that night. Martha, that was his wife, was very impressed with the gold watch. "It must have cost a fortune" she had said and had oohed and aahed over the inscription which read, "For Jim Peters

—Thirty years of service." Martha, come to think of it, was very proud of her husband's unblemished record and so was he.

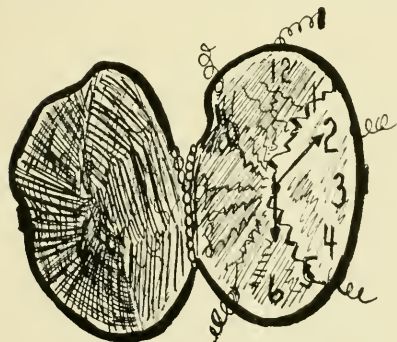
Jim settled himself in the cab and mechanically began to put on his big, clumsy gloves. Looking at his watch, he noticed there were only five seconds left. He started the engine and, as the stationmaster gave the signal, Jim pulled the twelve car train out of the big, noisy depot.

As he guided the train through the city the engineer was suddenly impressed by the monotony of his work. He'd been with the Railroad for thirty long years. During that time Jim had seen his children grow up, marry, and have children of their own. So many things had happened in those past years. Jim thought of the happy times he and Martha and the children had together. And now—Jim thought—what had he to look forward to? Would he retire and then just tinker around the house as his father had done? No, he thought, he'd stick at the job as long as he could. It really wasn't a bad job. It only got a bit tiresome once in a while and Jim supposed all jobs got that way—after thirty years.

Jim was, what some people would call "a good-living man." He smoked seldom, drank occasionally, never beat his wife, and was always pretty good to his kids; but he sometimes felt he might had done more with his life. Jim was lulled into further daydreaming by the many blinking lights along the track.

There were all kinds of lights on this railroad. White lights were merely used to brighten the track but the red ones—meant danger. A red light was usually a signal that there was a train immediately ahead and that the following train should stop and wait until the preceding one had gained some mileage. Unlike the New York Subway System this railroad did not employ "trippers" which automatically stop a train; but instead, relied on the judgment of the motorman.

Jim began to think of the festivities of the next day. Thanksgiving was always one of his favorite holidays. He was a family man at heart and thoroughly enjoyed having the whole clan together. He'd play with his young grandchildren for a while, telling them about the big train he operated, only they usually called it a "choo-choo." And then he'd probably argue politics with his son and two sons-in-law after they had finished the



Illustrated by Elaine Durante '54

big turkey that he himself would carve. Musing on the next day's events the motorman peered out into the darkening night. There seemed to be a large mass almost directly in front of him. Quickly Jim halted his reverie. Too late he realized that this huge mass was the 5:58. That last blinking light was red, not white and his train was going 50 miles per hour; the train ahead was only about 200 yards away. When the full impact of the circumstances hit him, Jim frantically pulled the brake and thoughts rushed in upon him. At times of crisis, they say the strongest and most basic instincts of man come to the fore. So it was with Jim.

Among his thoughts was one which seemed to take pre-eminence. He had to save his own life! Jim knew that he was no longer a young man; but he wanted to live. He still had many happy years ahead of him. In his panic Jim didn't think of the many passengers in the big train. His higher sense of responsibility became obliterated. At this extreme

moment of stress, the motorman didn't have time to realize that many of his passengers would never see another holiday—because of him. Jim saw the lights of the halted train come closer. In a last frantic effort he pulled the brake shaft with all his might and then—a blinding flash, a crash of steel meeting steel, and silence.

Several hours elapsed before all of the bodies were removed from the wreckage. Jim's body was one of the last extricated. When the rescuers found him, Jim's hand was still clutching the brake shaft; his treasured gold watch lay broken amid the twisted steel.

Months were spent in investigation of the accident. Jim Peters, the only person who could explain the cause, could not tell his tale to the living. In the long run though, Jim would probably agree with the final decision of the court. The accident occurred, states the files, "due to human failure."

SPRING IS HERE

*Spring is here,
It came not more than an hour ago
When the rain stopped
And the sun broke through the clouds
And the first wheat-stalk
Pushed its way upward
Into the air.*

*Spring is here,
And the promise of winter
Has been fulfilled:
That all earth will stir again
And reawake
To the glory it has known.*

*Spring is here,
And with it,
The hope of longer days
With brighter suns,
Of peace, and warmth,
And love.*

MARY BRENNAN '54

SHRINES OF OUR LADY

ELENA COBAN '55

This is the year set aside to honor the Immaculate Conception of the mother of God.

We will honor her in many ways. In this article we will discuss some of the Shrines of Our Lady.

The thought of visiting shrines usually calls to mind countries like France, Italy and Jerusalem. Most of us do not think about the United States, for little is known about the shrines that exist here under Mary's patronage. For instance, there are at least six major shrines in our country—Our Lady of Martyrs in Auriesville, New York; Our Lady of Consolation in Cary, Ohio; Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D. C.; Our Lady of the Wilderness in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans, Louisiana; and Our Lady of the Milk in St. Augustine, Florida.

The name of Our Lady of the Milk is a direct translation of the Spanish, *Nuestra Señora De La Leche*, which means our Nursing Mother of Happy Delivery. This is America's oldest shrine. Of the people who go there to pray, few know its tragic history.

It was first erected in 1549 near the shore of what we now call Tampa Bay, but the Indians made life difficult for the missionaries and the Spanish authorities ordered this building demolished. The chapel was rebuilt for the third time in 1870. This was blown down by a gale of wind. In the cemeteries of the mission many heroes of religion lie. The famous Father Rodriguez, for example, upon being captured by the Indians, begged to be allowed to say Mass. The Indians seemingly granted his request, but tomahawked him at the foot of the altar. What a privilege it would be to pray to Mary on such sacred ground.

Further north in Louisiana is the Shrine of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, which has a very holy and colorful background.

It was said a great fire spread through the city of New Orleans in 1812. Winds pushed the fire that burned many houses to the ground. As it reached the Ursuline Convent

an order was given to the nuns to break the cloister, but their superior, Mother St. Michael, who had a special devotion to Mary, dropped to her knees exclaiming, "Our Lady of Prompt Succor, we are lost if you do not come to our help!" Immediately the winds changed and the convent was no longer in danger.

Devotion to Our Lady under this title increased. It was to the little Ursuline Chapel that people went to pray in 1815. Young America was fighting the English who were 15,000 strong against our mere 6,000. Everything looked hopeless for us and the English were planning their victory.

On the morning of January 8, 1815 Mass was being offered at the foot of the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. Just at the calm of communion a courier entered the chapel and shouted, "Victory!" What a thanksgiving followed! It is said that after Mass the *Te Deum* was sung "with a fervor of gratitude impossible to describe." General Jackson himself had to admit as to the efficacy of the nun's prayers.

Now every year in memory of Mary's prompt help, our statue is solemnly crowned in this once famous shrine. Church bells ring out in jubilee. It would be a long remembered experience to participate in this experience.

Still further north, and quite near us, is the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception in our nation's capitol. It is located on the campus of Catholic University at the Crypt Chapel.

In 1846 the bishops of the United States dedicated our country to Mary conceived without sin. In 1847 the Pope confirmed this. Plans were made to have a national shrine erected in 1914 and on September 23, 1920 the cornerstone was laid.

Funds were obtained from people all over the country. Women with the name of Mary got together and donated the main altar of the Crypt Chapel. But this Crypt was only the cellar of the intended shrine. The depression of the '30's, World War II, and the post war

needy in Europe made it necessary to postpone plans for further building.

In 1947 a collection was taken on Mother's Day in all the parishes of the country. The money received was not enough, however, and so it was decided that a drive for the completion of the shrine would be made this year, with the hope that each Catholic family would donate \$1.00.

The shrine is known to "tens of thousands of pilgrims—thousands of candidates for the priesthood receive Holy Orders in the Crypt." It is the scene of the most colorful ceremonies. Mass for the celebration of the coronation of the Pope is said here. The shrine is also the center of the observance of the Church Unity Octave.

Every detail of this edifice is being considered. Inscriptions of early Christians will be the motif for decoration and the main altar of the upper church will be a personal gift of the bishops and priests of the United States. Pope Pius X, who will be canonized this year, is honored in the Crypt. A faithful copy of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" is a gift of Pope Benedict XV to the shrine. The final structure will be of a noble American design, in keeping with its purpose and its important location. It will seat 3,000 and

hold a total of 6,000 people. Four hundred clergymen will be accommodated—200 seated and 200 in the sacristy.

We are indeed pleased to be able to take part in the erection of this shrine, and it is near enough to us for considering a pilgrimage.

The three shrines are but illustrations of places we can visit right here in the United States. For as our Holy Father says "in all cities, towns, and villages, wherever Christian religion thrives, there is a sanctuary or at least an altar, in which the sacred image of the Blessed Mother is enshrined for the devotion of Christian people." May we all heed his request that we "flock together in great numbers and publicly and in the open give glorious expression to their common faith and common love toward the Virgin Most Holy." And "may the same Blessed Virgin Mary look down on all those who are proud to call themselves Christians, and who, being united at least by bond of charity, humbly raise to her their eyes, their minds and their prayers imploring that the light which illumines the mind with heavenly rays, and begging for that unity by which at last there may be one fold and one shepherd."

ROUAULT'S IMAGE OF RELIGION

JANICE ALBERTI 754

Georges Rouault, although unconventional and unorthodox in his art, is hailed as one of the greatest artists in the twentieth century. When first introduced to his paintings, not understanding them or their motivation, I questioned the validity of his exalted position in the field. After a glimpse into his life, his art became more lucid, in fact the more I learned about his philosophy of life, the more I appreciated his art. His dramatic birth in 1871 in a cellar in France, a shelter from the heavy German bombardment, is considered an augury of the terror and turbulence found in his art. While this theory has romantic appeal I doubt whether it can be proven for after his unusual birth he settled down to a normal childhood under the affectionate guidance of his grandfather. Rouault's interest in art stems from this period as his grandfather introduced him to the works of such masters as Rembrandt, Manet, and Cullot. Despite his grandfather's desire that he pursue an art career young Rouault became an apprentice in the Hirsch glass factory. His menial job of picking and sorting the varied colored glasses instilled in him a deep passion for stained glass windows and an appreciation of light and color. When I realized the influence of "stained glass windows", the distorted figures in his paintings were no longer grotesque but meaningful and his art had an appeal which heretofore was hidden. With the desire to become an artist foremost in his mind Rouault left the Hirsch factory to become a pupil of Moreau. I feel that Moreau's significance is far greater than the technique which he taught his young disciple for it was he who

insisted that Rouault seek deeper inspiration than the object painted. While the mainspring of his inspiration was his deep Catholic faith Rouault needed an external force to direct his energies and this he found in Leon Bloy an impassioned Catholic writer. Bloy, an ardent champion of the Middle Ages, was intriguing to Rouault who held similar interests. This "spiritual alliance" achieved fruition after Rouault read Bloy's novel *La Femme Panore* in the latter part of 1903. Shortly thereafter the "blues" and "reds" in his paintings took on a beautiful Gothic intensity reminiscent of Medieval Cathedrals. Under the auspices of Monsieur Moreau he painted religious objects, "The Crucifixion", painted in 1893, foreshadows his later medieval technique. The figure of Christ on the cross and those of the crowd are rigidly frontal and vertical in composition. A portent of the "passion and action" of his later art is the soldier in the "Ordeal of Samuel". The stance and the expression of the soldier appear to me to exemplify the emotion and vitality so typical of Rouault's art.

While religion was his inspiration and object during his first period, around 1903 he became interested in society. He was shocked by the gross corruption prevalent in France at the turn of the century. His preoccupation with the savage social abuses of his time is known as the second period in his art. It was during this time that Rouault gained public attention at a joint exhibition in 1905 with the Fauves, an artistic group revolting against the stuffy academicians. Although, not officially a Fauve, as his art was passionately dedicated to pregnant social issues rather than merely decorative, he became identified with them during this joint exhibition. While intensely interested in medievalism Rouault nevertheless was also a product of his environment and embodied the prevalent critical spirit in his art making it arouse anger in the beholder. Corruption, signified to Rouault, a betrayal of a holy trust. This feeling impelled him to paint the "Judges" in which he castigates bourgeois corruption by grotesque ugliness. The painting is dominated by the central judge whose glasses cannot hide his cunning and dishonest eyes. Rouault ruthlessly swept aside the superficiality and hypocrisy of life to find the truth beneath. The colors, somber and disconcerting and the figures, awkward and candid, coalesce to produce revulsion against such injustice. In my opinion Rouault's art is not something which you can be indifferent to: you are either repulsed or impressed by it.

Around 1917 Rouault's approach became more gentle and his mood became conciliatory rather than ferocious. He discarded dark angry colors and harshness for translucent rich colors and calmness. This period, known as his third, is the culmination of previous influences and techniques. His intense medievalism came to the fore in all its splendor. He adopted not only the gothic color but also the flat figures, the grouping, and leading which typifies a "church window". In the "Clownerie", in 1917, the distorted figures appear bowed to an imaginary arch and "Christ with Arms Raised" left me with the impression that he painted the picture with understanding and sympathy in contrast to the anger exemplified by "Crown of Thorns" of his previous period.

While Rouault's art may not have been affected by the war during which he was born, war was paramount in his success. He achieved recognition in the United States during the first world war and acclaim during and after World War II. Apparently the wartime penitent psychology increased the regard in which he was held for his paintings seem to be reserved for a generation capable of tragic vision.

Being inclined toward Matisse's idea that art should give the same feeling as a comfortable armchair, Rouault's art disturbed me. I couldn't stand back and admire a beautiful, lithe, and airy ballet dancer such as Degas portrays, instead I was confronted with a heavy distorted figure whose beauty lay not in its outward manifestation of grace but in meaning and color. Rouault's art, essentially an art of "sin and redemption", was introduced into a manifestly materialistic world. To me Rouault is not merely a great artist but an exemplification of one who has successfully embodied his philosophy of life into his work to give the world an art which while not pious is truly religious.

THE LAST WORDS OF DYLAN THOMAS

*I am thirty-nine and I have lost all hope—
I-have-no-hope, I-have-no-hope,
The burning words are branded on my being.
My shut swollen eyes watch
The words that scorch my brain and sear my heart
The words that steal my breath
That suck each stinging breath away from me
That leave me stifled waiting only for the last to go.
Self-immolated on my altar of despair
I am a holocaust to nothing.
All wasted, I cough, I gasp, I wait,
I am thirty-nine and I have lost all hope — — —*

ANN FALLERT '55

FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS

He gently places his fingers upon the pulse of contemporary thought and rhythmically counts the beats. He begins to count slowly, doubtfully, unsteadily — one — two — three — four, and with each beat the voice of his own conscience repeats — futility — emptiness — pain — death. And then he stops counting, only to be dashed back into the abyss of misery and despair, only to hear that infernal voice within him clamouring loudly and penetrating into the depths of his soul. The voice echoes and re-echoes within him. "Who am I?", it shouts. "What am I?", "What am I doing here?". And then there is silence once more, a painful kind of silence which gnaws at his heart.

Thus we see Dylan Thomas, the man. To look at him one would have never suspected the turmoil which raged within him. He was of middle height, rather broad and extremely sturdy. And yet this very same man with the angelic visage and reddish amber curls once stated:

*"As yet ungotten, I did suffer;
The rack of dreams my lily bones
Did twist into a living cipher."*

But his suffering was not of the selfish, brooding kind. He realized that all of mankind was faced with the same conflict, namely "the struggle from darkness to some measure of light." "My poetry," stated Thomas, "should be useful to others for its individual recording of that same struggle with which they are necessarily acquainted." Thomas felt that poetry, recording the stripping of the individual darkness, must, inevitably, cast light upon what has been hidden for too long and by so doing make clean the naked exposure. He searched avidly for an answer which would help shed some light on the mystery of life; but each time he faced grim defeat.

He turned to Freud for an answer. Instead of finding one, he plunged himself deeper into that dreaded darkness of which he speaks. This time, the darkness took the form of the subconscious. From Freud, Thomas learned about dreams. What he learned accounts in part for the images, syntax and themes of his poems and for their hallucinatory brilliance. This perhaps, was the only benefit derived from the Freudian influence. Aside from this, his conflict was still very vivid and real.

Poet that he was, he carried the science of Freud one step further and labeled it Surrealism. This term can be described as an artist's attempt to realize some of the dimensions and characteristics of his submerged being and in so doing to try to discover a possible mode of living and the solution of the principal problems of life. Thus Thomas hoped that the exploration of the substance and limits of his own subconscious might assist him in reorganizing his attitudes, reactions to experience, and mode of living. Did he succeed? The answer to this question lies in his dying words:

*"I have no hope . . ."
(Oh Grief thief of time.)*

and so I answer the poet, the man:

Oh Thomas, where was your God?

NINA SIRAGUSA '54

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